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CHOCORUA IN THE MOUNTAINS.

(N. E.)

An Historical Drama.

[YEARS 1698 TO 1768.]

BY ROBERT B. CAVERLY,

POET AND HISTORIAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAMPBELL	A Settler.	ROBINHOOD .	Indian Necromancer.
MRS. CAMPBELL,	Of the Household.	LIZ. TOBEY	A Village Jilt.
ELIZ. WRINKLE	A New England Mother.	MEHITABLE . . .	A Country Girl.
		MRS. TOBEY	A Lady of Fashion.
UNCLE NED . .	An Old Hunter.	FREEMAN . .	A Young Attorney.
SAGAMORE SAM, BLIND BILL,	Native Indians.	A CHIEF	Of Pequakets.
		LIGHTFOOT . .	A Friendly Indian.

ATTENDANTS.

CHOCORUA, MACK, EASTMAN, STARK, and JACOB.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.
1885.

HISTORIC AND POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT B. CAVERLY.

VOICE OF THE CRITICS.

"Caverly, the author, is a distinguished lawyer. He has rendered an important service. . . . . He has brought into fresh notice times and men, ... has embalmed their deeds and memories in verse, which may well be immortal." — HON. NATHAN W. HAZEN, *in Essex Banner of Aug.* 10, 1866.

At a public reading of the author's "Merrimac": — "As we listened, we thought it might not improperly be called a *symphonic song* or *poem of the creation*, — there was such comprehensive blending of varied melodies. We were taken back to the time when 'the morning stars sang together;' and then, by the gradually more measured tread of the language, the worlds were launched, and the mountains reared their crests up to the stars. In majestic diction the hills of New England were depicted. In the more flowing numbers that succeeded, we were aware that the streamlets were born, and trickling, drew their silver line down the rocky slopes. Through the meadows meanders the peaceful river, gladdening herb and bird and man. The songs of the happy tenants of the air, and the sounds of many innocent and prosperous industries are heard from every side. Then, in more constrained, almost impatient rhythm, is given the vivid picture of Nature in chains, but even the captive is beneficent. No longer the sportive, rambling runlet, but now the giant Merrimac in the hands of the Philistines. The noise of a thousand wheels, the whirl of ten thousand spindles, and the clatter of looms, are pictured in language fitly chosen to typify these active, gigantic and incessant activities. And then, like peace after strife, comes the melodious description of the gorgeous fabrics, more wonderful than any fairy legend, and by the rich, subdued spirit of content that fills the verse, we feel, without being told, that a state of society in which all amenities, graces and charities flourish, is the purposed end of the magnificence and wealth of the creation." — REV. AUSTIN S. GARVER, *in an article as found in a public journal of April*, 1877.

"I have read and examined Mr. Caverly's poetical works with interest; and find them filled with effusions that seem to carry me back to other scenes and other times. In them is the freshness of the *present* mingling with the *past*, that seem to touch the life and experience of the many." — HON. JUDGE JOSEPH HOWARD, *late of the Supreme Court of Maine.*

Caverly's Epics and Lyrics, as noted from one of his Public Readings: — "The greatest interest was exhibited by the audience as he progressed in his recital of a walk among the mounds that mark the resting places of fallen soldiers on the heights of Arlington, and while passing from his prologue, as he carried his listeners in fancy from Washington City over the Potomac and up the Heights, we could almost imagine we heard the solemn rustling of the trees, and could discern in the twilight the melancholy records of the battle. We could almost hear the stranger whom the writer met at the outset, dissuade him from the visit by weird tales of ghosts and spectres. . . . " — *From* MR. Z. E. STONE, *a celebrated Journalist.*

Of the author's lessons of Law and Life from Eliot the Apostle: — "The author, in delineating the Apostle's life, interweaves the history of New England in a brief and forcible manner, and learnedly follows out the conclusions and deductions of the story." — HON. JOHN A. GOODWIN, *late of the Vox Populi.*

Of the author (and his works,) at one of his Public Readings: — "He is fond of dressing up the quaint legends of the Aborigines in the language of poesy. The *Bride of Burton*, the *Allegory of the Squirrel*, and the *Voice of Spring*, are good examples of this work. The *Golden Wedding* was in a humorous strain, and caused a ripple of laughter to sweep over the audience as pictures of the olden New England life were drawn. The living voice and presence of the author are a great help in the enjoyment of his verse. The reader will find a fund of enjoyment in the perusal of his volumes. . . . . " — HON. GEORGE A. MARDEN, *in Lowell Courier of Oct.* 26, 1871.

On this subject, REV. ELIAS NASON, the celebrated orator and author, says: — "I have perused the Epics and Lyrics with keen and sympathetic pleasure, and I congratulate the author on the advanced record he has made in beating the sweet fields of poetry. Aside from the intrinsic merit of his muse, the local scenes and circumstances which he poetizes become a part of our own life and being; and thus in reading him we have the joy, not only of perusing tuneful numbers, but of seeing common things we know around us as by an enchanter's wand transfigured into beauty."

HON. ANDERSON KIRKWOOD, LL.D., in the *Edinburgh Review*, Scotland, says: — "Both Americans and English have to thank Mr. Caverly for his laborious and interesting *resumé* of the Indian wars of New England."

"Beautiful in expression and sentiment." — REV. DR. N. BOUTON, *the Historian.*

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* Pronounced Cheh-cor-u-ah.

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BATTLE OF THE BUSH.

CHOCORUA.

LEGEND NO. V.

PRIOR to the settlement of New England by the white man little or nothing is known of its history. The deeds, noble or otherwise, of the native Indians, as well as the terrible happenings of the then past, are all covered in oblivion. And, as appears from the date of the first settlements, for an hundred years its annals, as now recorded, are but little else than a narrative of conflicts fraught with thrilling incidents.

Among the events which constitute the beginning of New England's history, the story of Chocorua, his eventful life, his death, and the terrible curse that seemed to have followed his downfall, hath been made conspicuous. It comes down from tradition, it has been told as true by Samuel Drake, by T. Starr King, and others, poets as well as historians. This Indian, as it appears, was chief of the Peckwakets, who, with his tribes, wandered in the hills of New Hampshire during the first half of the eighteenth century. His wigwams, for the most part, stood near the north shore of the great lake; his hunting-grounds were vast, and the lofty mountain on which

he finally fell by the gunshot of a white man still bears his name. Indeed, his history is as true as it is tragic.

This proud chief, who lived in romantic times, and who roamed in the wilderness of this then uncivilized world, witnessed in his day many a tragic scene. North of the Winnipisseogee was a region of country which was attractive to the wild hunter on account of its mountain cliffs, and of its limpid waters, from which a large supply of fish, also of bears and other wild game, was obtained. There this wild man, Chocorua, ruled and wandered with his tribes. The mountain of which we have spoken stands in the town of Burton, now Albany.

The story of his life and departure is this: Chocorua had a little son, and the squaw of his choice being dead, the boy was accustomed to follow the father in the deep forest, on hunting excursions. But the boy, being away from home one day, visited a white settlement, got poisoned, and returning to his wigwam fell sick and soon died. This terribly exasperated the valiant chief, as he verily believed the settlers had poisoned the lad purposely.

Cornelius Campbell, as they say, a white settler, lived near there. And in the course of a few days this white man had occasion to be away from home. But alas! On his return he was horrified at finding all his family dead in the cot. In due time, the family being buried and the neighboring settlers having united, they pursued the chief as the murderer into this mountain, and, seeing him upon a crag of it, hailed him and commanded him to jump off. "Me won't," he exclaimed, "the Great Spirit gave Chocorua his life, and he will not

throw it away at the bidding of the white man." Upon that Campbell, raising his gun, shot him. Chocorua fell wounded fatally, and, while dying, he in doleful accents pronounced dread curses upon the English; such a curse, as they say, still remaining there to this day, rests upon everything in and about all that region. And ever since that time the same dread condition of things has been reported, and generally credited to be the dire results which emanated from the dying maledictions of Chocorua. Such a curse as in another place we have elaborated: —

And thus the story oft is told,
Chocorua hateful here of old,
Brought maledictions many.
"Curse on yr white man's soul," he prayed,
Curse on yer living and the dead,
Nor give him gospel any."

"Yr war-path let it lay in snares,
Yr fields laid low of frost and tares,
Yr pestilence supernal.
Of crimes accursed for aye to know,
Prompt penalties of pain and woe,
On all yr heads infernal!

"Vile, heartless knaves! Ye killed my boy,
My own Keoka's darling joy,
Ere in the grave she rested;
By deadly drugs laid low he died,
Me too ye 've slain! let devils deride
Ye, tortured, damned, detested.

"Ho! let the war-whoop lead the fight,
The torch, the tomahawk at night,
Yr habitations storming;
Drive deep the axe, the scalping blade,
Spare never a white man, child, or maid;
Give carnage to the morning.

"Great Spirit let thy lightnings flash,
Thy fiery vengeance let it dash,
Down where the paleface prowls,—
On Campbell's head, on all he owns,
Let panthers perch upon his bones,
While hot in h—ll he howls."

Thus prayed Chocorua, bleeding, slain;
Vengeance from thence eternal came,
Devastation dreadful certain.
Nay, ever since from then to this,
Not a breath of hope, nor breeze of bliss,
Hath moved the woods of Burton.

Strange now in shadows stands the sun;
The Indian hunter's day is done,
In these New England borders.
A baleful shaft his heart hath broken,
Out from the cloud the fates betoken
Unwonted, dread disorders.

Dark on that night and hitherto,
The heavens let fall malarious dew,
Far down these murky mountains.
Of all the flowers, not one is known,
The maple leaf is dry half grown,
And death is in the fountains.

The moping owl hath ceased to hoot,
The scrub-oak falters at the root,
And the snail is lank and weary.
The fated fawn hath found his bed,
Huge hawks, high flying, drop down dead
Above that apex dreary.

Faded the vales, no fruits adorn,
The fields are pale with poisoned corn,
The flocks are lean repining.
No growth the panting pastures yield,
And the staggering cattle roam the field,
Forlorn in death declining

'T is thus we 're made the slaves of earth,
Mope in miasmas deep in dearth,
Sad from some bad beginning.
From cruelty to friend or foes,
Our morbid pains and mental woes
Prove but the pangs of sinning.

High now a voice is in the air,
As if Chocorua still were there,
With wood-nymphs wild attending;
'T is heard far up the mountain side,
That plaint of earth's down-trodden tribe,
Bleak with the zephyrs blending.

Great God, forgive our Saxon race,
Blot from thy book no more to trace,
Fraternal wrath infernal;
That taints the atmosphere we breathe,
The sky above and earth beneath,
With dearth and death eternal.

MAJOR WALDRON.

At Cocheco and vicinity in October, 1676, much damage had been done. An hundred Indians had come in there; and half a mile above the upper garrison at Salmon Falls, among other outrages, they had killed a man by the name of Tozer, and had taken his son captive, from which there was a despatch sent to Major Waldron, as follows: —

"Salmon Falls, Oct. 16, 1675.

"*Mr. Richard Waldron and Lieutenant Coffin:* — These are to inform you that just now the Indians are engaging us with at least an hundred men, and have slain four of our men already, — Richard Tozy, James Barney, Isaac Bettes, and Tozer's son, — and have burnt Benoni Hodsdan's house. Sirs, if you ever have

any love for us and the country, now *show yourselves* with men to help us, or else we are all in great danger to be slain, unless our God wonderfully appears for our deliverance. They that cannot fight, let them pray. Nothing else; but I rest. Yours to serve you,

"ROGER PLAISTED,
"GEORGE BOUGHTON."

Thereupon the Major sent twenty men with a yoke of oxen and cart to take away the dead bodies. Obtaining a part of them, a hundred and fifty Indians in ambush, firing upon them, frightened the cattle so that they ran back to the garrison, carrying part of the dead, and leaving the twenty men there to fight it out. Captain Plaisted was killed; the others got back to the garrison, as the Indians took fright and ran away. The Indians then proceeded to Sturgeon Creek, to Kittery, to Cocheco, Exeter, Salmon Falls, Casco Bay, and to Wells. There, and in other places constant conflicts continued. Between the Piscataqua and the Kennebeck upwards of fifty of the English settlers were slain, and nearly double that number on the part of the tribes.

In these days rude fortifications and garrison houses were established almost everywhere throughout the settlements. King Philip having been slain; and the war supposed to be nearly ended, Major Waldron of Cocheco, with Captain Frost of Kittery, and their men, adopted the scheme of seizing and making prisoners of all the Indians that might be induced to come to Cocheco* at their call for a great training. Accordingly, a proclamation for a Training having been published, on

* Dover, N. H.

the 6th of September, 1676, Wonalancet, with four hundred other Indians, were induced to assemble at Major Waldron's at Cocheco, and there, with the English, to make a military parade, and, in the end, to enter into a sham fight. During the exercises the Indians were stationed to handle the drag-ropes of the artillery, while the English were, of course, appointed to manage the guns, and the sham fight commenced. Soon a gun exploded towards the Indians, at which the English infantry, by a preconcerted manœuvre, enclosed the Indians on all sides, secured and disarmed them all.

Hubbard says: "They were handsomely surprized," without the loss of any person's life, to the number of four hundred. They then separated the peaceable from the perfidious, and Wonalancet, the friendly Penacooks, Pequawkets, and Ossipees, were dismissed to their homes, while two hundred or more, having taken part in Philip's War, were taken to Boston. Seven or eight of them were hanged for supposed murders, some of them were sent to other parts, and a small number sold into slavery. This was done to prevent them from uniting with the hostile Indians of the East.

But for all this at Cocheco there was a day for retribution and vengeance, from the tribes not far away, yet to come. Major Waldron had a strong garrison there, and near him were four others. In the course of time, on the 27th of June, 1689, Rancamagus, a Penacook chief, in league with others, secretly contrived to surprise and destroy Cocheco. Accordingly squaws were sent, two to each garrison-house, to obtain lodgings for the night, and Massandowet, their chief, the same evening took supper with the Major, and, among other

things, told him they (the Indians) were coming the next day to trade with him, but said, "Brother Waldron, what would you do if the strange Indians should come?" To which he replied, "I could assemble an hundred men by lifting up my finger." In the utmost security they, in the garrison, retired to rest; but at midnight the gates were opened by the squaws within, and dread consternation ensued. One garrison had refused their admittance, and escaped; all the others fell. The tribes crowded Waldron's House, — some guarding the doors, while others advanced upon their business of blood and death. Waldron then, eighty years of age, defending himself, drove the savages from room to room, until from behind him he was knocked down with a hatchet, and then, being dragged away and placed upon a table, was stripped, gashed, burned, and otherwise tortured, until death relieved him. While gashing him they would say thus: "I cross out my accounts." While cutting his fingers off they would ask: "Now will your fist weigh a pound?" *

While this was being done, other savages busied themselves in compelling the women of the garrison to prepare suppers for them.

In the garrison houses and elsewhere the inhabitants of Cocheco, on that night, to the number of twenty-three, were killed, and twenty-nine were carried away captives by the Indians through the wilderness to Canada, where some of them in the course of time were sold to the French.

* In his trade with the Indians the Major was accused of using his fist as a weight in the scales, and of not always crossing out his accounts when paid by the Indians. Caverly's Indian Wars of New England.

CHOCORUA IN THE MOUNTAINS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A woodland Cabin on the shore of the Winnipiscogee.*

Campbell. Truė it is, for an hundred years and more, dread conflicts have haunted these, our New England settlements. Peace now, with its plenteous harvests in and about us, reigns. Quietude and loveliness, like the sweet peace of Jerusalem, is here. Vanished far away, none of the tribes inhabit this wilderness save the Pequawkets, over whom the wild old Chocorua as chief wanders. Attending him daily there is the faithful Keoka, whom his Indian boyhood had wooed in these woods, on the river side yonder, not far away. Keoka is still with him, with a lovely little son, grown in years, just above the age of a papoose. His hunting-grounds are in the distance north, above the great lakes, in and about yonder mountain. [*Enter* MRS. CAMPBELL.] Mrs. Campbell, I was just now soliloquizing upon the peacefulness, and upon the present prosperity of our new world, anticipating sweet repose, nay, much pleasure, in this rural, isolated little cot of ours.

Mrs. Campbell. Yes, husband, I am greatly encouraged to have you feel secure in life and property, now

that the great melancholy past no longer lingers here to afflict us. Long ago Sassacus and his nation, falling at the point of an English sabre, in the dreary midnight, perished. Miantonimo, long ago, he also perished at the bloody hand of Uncas and the Colonies. King Philip also, of more recent fame, was hunted down and slain of Alderman. All, all now being dead, why should n't we, my dear husband, live in gratitude, hence to enjoy the little which seems now to have been left to us of rural life. Yet beware, I beseech of you, my dear, beware of the Pequawkets. They, though peaceful now, are naught but savages. They still bear, upon their brawny arms, blood-stains from the veins of our ancestors. Fearful, indeed, have I always been, since Chocorua's wigwam is, as you know, so near to us.

Campbell. That may be so, yet you will remember that Ralle, of Norridgewock, who long since advised and instigated the French and Indians to our injury, being slain, as well as others, we need not have further fears in that direction, and peace, for all I can descry, is ours — ours, as we may trust, forever. [*Exit. From behind the cabin enters* ELIZABETH WRINKLE.]

Mrs. Wrinkle. My dear Mrs. Campbell, sad news is at hand. Chocorua's squaw, our excellent Keoka, is dead and buried.

Mrs. Campbell. Why, Elizabeth, who tells it? How did it happen?

Mrs. Wrinkle. It was very, very sudden. She 'd been ill only one day; was walking around the wigwam but a very little time before the vital breath left her. Alas, how that wild old chief will mourn and miss her. Tears! tears! Chocorua loved Keoka tenderly. In

fact, 't is of his love the poets have sung. Oh, that I had memory to repeat the language itself. 'T was like this: —

A priest from boyhood brave he roved,
Faithful at heart, he fervent loved
Keoka, ne'er to sever;
No happier pair could earth produce:
Keoka true and a proud papoose,
Inspired that wigwam ever.

But alas, alas! the tender links of love between them, at least for this world, have dropped asunder.

Mrs. Campbell. True, and I well remember also how faithfully Keoka had always served to cheer the life of her dear chief, and how much she hath been sung for her faithfulness also. 'T was thus the poet honored her: —

With truth and trust and patient pride,
At morn, at noon, or eventide,
She calmed the cloudy hour;
Her heart was full of love and song,
She cheered Chocorua's life along,
She brought him many a flower.

But how, my dear Elizabeth, did the Indians designate the burial place of Keoka?

Mrs. Wrinkle. List! list! In measured language of poesy, already foreshadowed, allow me to answer you.

A white flag standing in the air,
The stars of heaven shall glitter there,
And the zephyrs long shall love her;
Deep woodlands whispering sighs unknown,
The plaintive pines their loss shall moan,
Sweet flowers shall bloom above her.

Mrs. Campbell. Ah, how truthful! What now, my dear, will become of Chocorua's nice little Indian boy,

now that its dear mother is gone? And that old chief, great indeed must be his grief!

Mrs. Wrinkle. Yes, how true! Now, indeed, they say: —

Ten times a day Chocorua weeps,
Ten times a day his shadow sweeps
In plumy form around her;
The partridge flutters from his trail,
The she-wolf nightly heard his wail,
To a troubled trance it bound her.

True, they say: —

Where'er he turns, where'er he roams,
Or when around the grave he mourns,
There, prompt and true to mind him,
That little lad with lifted eye,
As if to hail that mother nigh,
Trips on and stands behind him.

Chocorua is often at her grave. Still there he weeps. [*Rear slide, moving, uncovers* CHOCORUA *and his boy at the grave of Keoka. In tableau.*]

SCENE II. — *Same. Present ladies* — MRS. CAMPBELL *and* WRINKLE. *Enter* UNCLE NED *and hounds.*

Uncle Ned. Ladies, I hope I have n't interrupted you in your conversation.

Mrs. Wrinkle. Oh, no.

Uncle Ned. How? I did n't understand ye (*raising his hand to his ear*).

Mrs. Wrinkle. Oh, no, I say.

Uncle Ned. Wal, as I was going to say, an awful thing has happened. I mistrust it. Chocorua's boy, that you saw here, has fallen down, terrible sick. He 's vomiting and is casting up his accounts, agonizing dreadfully, and they say that are curse of a Campbell

Ten times a day Chocorua wept,
Ten times a day his shadow swept
In plumy form around her;

has poisoned him. The boy was out about there playful in the white settlement, just before night, so old Aunt Kesiah says. And as the boy always liked little knick-nacks — sweet things — they gin him a dose of rotgut; and faith, I believe they poisoned him a purpose.

Mrs. Wrinkle. Oh, Lord, Lordee! Can that be so? That noble little boy, that brought the flag to the grave of his mother. Is he poisoned? Oh, how sad. But does Chocorua know it?

Uncle Ned. How? (*touching his ear.*)

Mrs. Wrinkle (*aloud*). I say, does Chocorua know it?

Uncle Ned. He 's away now, but when he returns, when he finds it out, when he gets to the bottommost facts, somebody will catch it; this you may well believe.

Mrs. Wrinkle. Most beautiful, excellent boy; he always was so faithful to his dear mother, now dead, and true in life, faithful in death. Oh, he was so true and obedient to her, and also to his wild old father, the chief himself. It cannot be that a boy so noble is so soon to die. Oh, let heaven forbid it.

Uncle Ned (*raising his voice*). Forbid! did ye say? By the faith of Saint Peter, the chances, according to my notions, are agin ye. The boy seemed to me to be in a fit. 'T was an awful uproar of all-overishness. I was down there on the edge of Bushtown when I heard the uproarous outcry. Old Mother Crane's cap set right straight back. Sal Strout ran for the Injun Doctor; and old Bridget Buffum hastened to the rescue with her apron chucked full of green arbs. But whether they 'll kill him, or cure him, or curse him, is yet to be

seen. Indeed, it may be well to inquire whether it was the medicine that killed the papoose, or the pison. Wait awhile, and ye 'll see. Murder they say, always creeps out on all fours —

Mrs. Wrinkle. Wait; I 'll go. Give me my shawl. I 'll go down there. This news is distracting.

Uncle Ned. What did you say? (*raising his hand*).

Mrs. Wrinkle. I say I 'll go down there.

Uncle Ned. Oh, excuse me. (*He hastily obtains a shawl for her.*)

[*Exit* MRS. WRINKLE. *Enter* SAGAMORE SAM.

Uncle Ned. Wal, Sam, what do you hear?

Sam (*loud, drawling.*) Hear? I have been told that Chocorua has gone away; that he 's on a hunt towards the great lake. He is up there, far away, and there 's trouble in the wigwams. I saw up here, as I came along, many Injuns, lurking about in the distance, — fighting-men and squaws. (*Loudly, in his ear.*) Uncle Ned, what do ye think about it?

Uncle Ned. I had been talking with Elizabeth Wrinkle all about this business before you came in. 'Tis my belief that the Indian boy is pisoned. Our English neighbors seem disposed to do up business jist like that. They profess religion, — much more than they ever have got. They came honestly by their deviltry, — brought it with um, when they come over the sea. I 've no affection for um. Never had any for a snake or for a sneak. They never can stand up straight if they try. They 're creepers, — they kinder crawl. There 's as much pison in their hearts as in their hands; in their fangs as in their fingers; and everybody knows it. [*Exit.*

Sam (*alone*). True it be; trouble with the tribes will

surely return to the white man, for it be his own intrusions. Englishmen be wicked, overbearing, yielding nothing; not half enough. Yet he calls it civilized world. Still it be a wilderness, and we be more angry now than before the white man came over. [*Enter* MRS. WRINKLE.] What have ye, lady, to cheer us.

Mrs. Wrinkle. No cheer. The death of Chocorua's favorite lad comes now to impart to us fearful sorrow. He has fallen, as we surmise, by force of a poisonous drug. The certainty of this rumor, however, will probably never be known. The poor old chief is greatly afflicted. Deeply indeed will he mourn the loss of his darling boy. Weep sadly he will, doomed, as he is, to wander alone through yonder hunting-grounds without him. Ah, Chocorua! here he comes. [*Exit as if in fear.*] (*Enter* CHOCORUA *bearing a dagger, tomahawk, and scalping-knife, hesitating, appearing bewildered.*)

Chocorua (*talking to himself*). Hark! me is nowhere! Me in pain! They kill me boy! me boy! Killed me boy, my boy! Me Keoka; my Keoka's boy! Where, where, where be they (*pointing his dagger this way and that*)? Where be white man? Where be Campbell (*brandishing it*)? Me hunt um! me hunt him! me hunt him! Me hunt um all! [*Flying away, vociferating the war-whoop. He is heard in the distance: "Woach! woach! ha! ha! ha! hack! woach!"*]

SCENE III. — *Same*

Sam. Further news hath come. News, great news it be. It comes to this: Captain Lovewell raised forty-six men in Dunstable, and about three weeks ago started to shoot the angry tribes in the east.

Uncle Ned (*listening*). How? What did you say?

Sam. I say Captain Lovewell has gone to kill the Indians.

Uncle Ned. Oh, yes! I understand. I s'pose 't is that same Captain who, a month ago, with twenty men, went off, and near a pond killed ten Injuns. The savages were taking a nap. I guess they 'd been on a bust, — busting it. Our whites pinted their firelocks each to his victim, took straight aim, fired, and killed the whole flock of um, ten in number, all told, scalped um, and then took for home in a hurry.

Sam. What then?

Uncle Ned. Rampant down they came to old Cocheco, on their way to Boston. The scalps of the cruel critters they piked upon poles, hoisted them to the heavens, and tilted um through Cocheco with a flourish of trumpets, just as if scalps did n't cost nothing at all, — and a considerable less. Ah! how wise the old women looked, who had seen so many on um. But the gals were green; some of um fled to distraction. One lost a shoe, another a cap, and another her indispensables; and they were troubled. They had the nightmare terribly, all on um, night after night, for a long time afterwards. Only think on't, them there scalps brought um five hundred dollars apiece.

Sam. But me hear they were the scalps of friendly Indjuns. Anyhow, Lovewell made money on um, — more, by half, than as if they 'd been coonskins.

Uncle Ned. What? What did ye say?

Sam. I said the authorities in Boston are a big fraud. That they have laid aside their Bibles and prayer-books, and that their secret intention upon the

tribes be nothing but extermination. Lovewell's victims, I hear, were all friendly Indians.

Uncle Ned. Wal, what of that? What if they were friendly, their scalps were as good as any; would bring jist as much in the market. That five hundred dollars apiece for um was a mighty nice price; a tip-top thing for a backwoodsman. Lovewell's men went in, hard up, for the odd change; and so do I. Five hundred dollars for an Indjun's pelt! Five hundred dollars, five hundred dollars; yes, give me that, and I'd have Indian pelts on a pole, a score on um, jist in the shortest time! And in faith I should n't wait, or inquire for the friendship of a savage. It would be all the same. The scalp would bring just as much. We all have a kind of an interest in um. But it is a claim not much to be coveted in these settlements. I 'd like to have nothing more to do with the tarnal critters. I 'd gladly quit-claim my interest in all on um, and would make a mighty big discount. But as it is [*Enter* MRS. WRINKLE], I go in for scalps. Twenty pounds a scalp, and no discount, is the colonial price, and let us have extermination; yes, extermination, — pork and beans, a plenty on um, old rum, onions, and tobacco. Then you and me, Mrs. Wrinkle, will enjoy life with the sweetest content. And, faith, would n't we, Mrs. Wrinkle, begin the world anew?

Mrs. Wrinkle. Oh, yes; would n't we, Uncle Ned.

(*Curtain.*)

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *A Parlor in Rumford. Present* UNCLE NED *and* MRS. WRINKLE.

Mrs. Wrinkle. Well, you know old Deacon Johnson, who lived up here a mile or two in the country?

Uncle Ned. Heh (*putting his hand to his ear*)? Heh? What did you say?

Mrs. Wrinkle (*loudly*). Old Deacon Johnson is dead, — killed by the Injuns, — and his daughter, Mehitable, is coming in here at Rumford, to her Uncle Jonathan's, to live. You've seen Mehitable?

Uncle Ned. Who did ye say (*with hand to his ear*)?

Mrs. Wrinkle (*raising her voice*). Mehitable, the Deacon's only daughter. They talk as if she would be a good companion for Liz.

Uncle Ned. What do ye say her name is? Is it Jerubabel?

Mrs. Wrinkle (*loudly*). Yes, Jerubabel! (*Aside*) That name will do as well as any.

Uncle Ned. Oh, yes! Yes, I know her; I know that gal right well. My word for it, she will be the belle of Rumford. She'll make the wheel whirl, and buzz, like the tail of a rattlesnake. I've seen her do it; and you'll believe it, it gave me a sorter glorious, sposmatic

kind of an all-overishness to hear her sing, and see her dance and spin. By the Father of Mercies! if I was only young enough, she should be the gal for me, and there would n't be the least bit of a slobbering about it, nither. Never at all; never at all. But you say she 's coming to live at her Uncle Tobey's.

Mrs. Wrinkle. I do. She is bred to good habits. Her father, you know, lately left us, and it becomes proper that Mehitable the daughter, being left alone, should be properly cared for by her uncle. But how it will please the family, remains to be seen. His daughter Liz has been bred to a higher life. She 's fond of dress and ornaments and amusements, and likes the display of wealth. Not so of the industrious, labor-loving Mehitable. She abhors idleness; she hails the early morning; catches inspiration from the joyful bird; and when night comes there is bliss in the sweetness of repose.

Uncle Ned. I don't understand half ye say. But why did n't ye take Mehitable to some old farmer? or to some country esquire, some doctor, or other professional man, who would know how to appreciate her industrial qualities. It 's no use to bring her here. It is difficult to know a fashionable gal in her full rig from a moping turkey-buzzard, or from a full-fledged guinea hen, or a shanghai rooster.

Mrs. Wrinkle. You know, Uncle, that Liz Tobey has at this time no companion, save her darling lap-dog, no care nor amusement, save what comes from a cold, monotonous — "nothing to do;" and this is enough to unsettle the peace of any one. (*Loudly in his ear.*) Her mother, Mrs. Tobey, as I understand, is quite

pleased with the fact that Mehitable is soon to be a member of her family.

Uncle Ned. Yes, mightily. But there's one that won't be pleased, — I 'll bet ye a leather medal and a tin whistle of that.

Mrs. Wrinkle. Ah, I know whom you mean. 'T is Liz you are speaking of. Liz, as you think, will dislike Mehitable's industry.

Uncle Ned. That 's so. She 's full of flounces, full of flirtations. I saw her t'other day, and what do you think I saw of her?

Mrs. Wrinkle. Well, what?

Uncle Ned. I saw her one day a-coming. She was a perfect bender with a big hump, such as the fashionable trade nowadays usually make to order, — a buster flounced up on the parts posterior, and bordered with a hoop.

Mrs. Wrinkle. Oh, yes, indeed; I clearly perceived it. She wore a bender; — was kinder bent, this way (*bending inquiringly*)?

Uncle Ned. Yes, the brim of her cap seemed to set every which way. It kinder followed the pints of the compass — setting north, south, and all about. Her form was wasp-like, it looked like the little eend of nothing at all, kinder whittled out. The whole consarn, rigged out as 't was, was a huge bender, a sort of a buster — as you may say, something (*imitating*) like unto this.

Mrs. Wrinkle. But, sir, you 'll bear in mind that the father is dead, that the family is broken up, and Mehitable is alone. It is but charity that her Uncle Tobey should bring her to his own house here at Rumford to

share with him its comforts. And such is the arrangement. [*Curtain.*

SCENE II. — *A Cot near Lovewell's Pond. Present,* MRS. WRINKLE. *Enter* SAGAMORE SAM.

Sam. The story comes that Captain Lovewell's company of forty-six men are on the way to duty. Long ago you had heard how they enlisted, and how they marched out from Dunstable, bearing weapons of war; how they have hunted the hostile tribes far, far away, in the Pequawket wilderness; and how they at one time slew ten of them and sold their scalps in Boston. And now they have gone again. There 's to be another fight.

Mrs. Wrinkle. Yes, we had heard of their going, — and this last time we hear they have been gone into the woods more than a month. And that same song of Lovewell's first fight still moves us. I was just now thinking of the sad story, and as how it is oft repeated: —

"'T is Paugus leads the Pequawket tribe, —
As runs the fox will Paugus run;
As howls the wild wolf will he howl,
A huge bearskin has Paugus on."

"To him the noble Lovewell goes,
With fifty men from Dunstable;
The wild Pequawket tribe to oppose,
With war and bloodshed terrible!"

Sam. That be good song. We have heard of that tribe, and how desperately they fight from bush to bush. Oh, how they yelled.

Mrs. Wrinkle. But where is that tribe, and where does Lovewell expect to overtake Paugus?

Sam. He 'll be likely to overtake the tribe at the

Pond not far from this, where there are good fishing and hunting-grounds. (*Guns without.*)

Mrs. Wrinkle. Ah, whence that noise in the distance? (*Enter* CAMPBELL.) Oh, I am fearful. [*Exit.*

Campbell. News, terrible news at hand. Paugus and his tribe are at the Pond, and as Lovewell was moving through the woods thither, they heard a gun and saw an Indian alone in the distance. Thereupon, they threw off their clothing, their packs and other equipage, and marched forth to discover the enemy. Lovewell moved after him, but advanced in the wrong direction. Now Paugus with his savages, taking advantage of Lovewell's mistake, coming to his path, traced it back to their packs, and in ambush at length, laid in wait for Lovewell and his company. Yes, indeed, and there 's a terrible battle.

Sam. But what did Lovewell do to the lone Indian?

Campbell. As I have said, Lovewell descried the Indian not far away, fired at, but missed him. The Indian, at once returning his fire, wounded Lovewell. Lovewell, firing back again, killed the Indian, and scalped him; and now, the settlers having returned to their packs, there is a battle, a battle, a battle. Hark! (*Guns exploding without, and the war-whoop cry and much noise.*) [*Martial music.*]

SCENE III. — *Same. Curtain rising discloses the fight; guns exploding and the Indians and English driven from place to place, one after another in the conflict. Enter* CAMPBELL *and* SAGAMORE SAM.

Campbell. See there; Lovewell is disabled, yet he stands his ground valiantly (*gazing at the conflict, pointing that way*).

Sam. Oh see, see! Paugus has fallen, and the cowardly rascals are flying away, away. (*Much noise, yells, and cracking of musketry amid the howlings and tumult of savages, answered by huzzaings from the English.*)

Campbell. The English are leaving the ground, and the savages, although badly beaten, still they will have a powwow.

Sam. Yes! They 'll celebrate a victory, although they were the losers. English too, with their allies, in joyful song will rejoice, and will now join the friendly natives in their celebration.

Campbell. Sad, sad, the story of Lovewell's last battle. He has lost his life, and all of his forty-six men, save that indomitable fourteen, who alone have remained to tell the story. Cheerily may they sing and give thanks, that all were not lost; and now, with their allies the Mohawks, they may bury their dead, and may rally for the fight at least once again. Yet will it be with sad hearts. [*Enter* NED.] Ah, Uncle Ned, how fare you? And what now?

Uncle Ned. What was that you were saying (*lifting his hand*)?

Campbell (*raising his voice*). I say, what have you heard?

Uncle Ned. And faith, I hear all I can, and sometimes a tarnal sight too much, and sometimes a mighty sight more than I want to hear, or that proves true. Now, a man up here in the woods has been telling me all about that last bloody fight of Lovewell's with Paugus, and how them savages laid in ambush and surprised him; then how desperately they fought all day, and into the night; how Lovewell, after being wounded, killed

Paugus, and then how himself fell; and as how all the dead were left there at the Pond, upon the battle-ground, unscalped and unburied; and how our Captain Tyng, with the friendly Mohawks, as they say, are going out to that battle-ground, and, as I am told, they are now about starting. Hark! can it be the Mohawks? (*A great noise without of Indians, and a voice, "We'll soon be away to the battle-ground of Paugus."*) Hark! here indeed comes our captain and the Mohawks. (*Music strikes. They enter, dancing and singing.*)

[*Here the Mohawks have broken forth in song, and now with hilarity they jump forth into a war-dance, repeating*]:—

"Seth Wyman, who in Woburn lived,
A marksman he of courage true,
Shot the first Indian whom he saw,
And through his head the bullet threw.
CHORUS.—'What means that dance,
That powwow dance,'
Stern Wyman said; with wondrous art
He creeps full near, his rifle aimed,
And shoots the leader through the heart.

"The savage had been seeking game;
Two guns and eke a knife he bore,
And two black ducks were in his hand,
He shrieked, and fell to rise no more.
CHORUS.—'What means that dance,' etc.

"Anon these eighty Indians rose,
Who'd hid themselves in ambush dread,
Their knives they shook, their guns they aimed,
The famous Paugus at their head.
CHORUS.—'What means that dance,' etc.

"Good heavens! Is this a time to trust?
Is this a time to worship God?
While Lovewell's men are falling fast,
Let tribes of Paugus feel the rod.
CHORUS.—'What means that dance,' etc.

[*Exeunt* MOHAWKS. [*Enter* MRS. WRINKLE.

Uncle Ned. Captain Lovewell, they say, scalped one of the curses after he himself had been wounded; and then the men proceeded to return to their packs. But Paugus and his tribe were there beforehand, secretly awaiting them in ambush. And then the battle began and raged terribly.

Mrs. Wrinkle. Oh, I have been hearing of this. Yes; hence it was, as the song has it: —

"Fight on, fight on," brave Lovewell said,
"Fight on while heaven shall give you breath."
An Indian ball then pierced him through,
And Lovewell closed his eyes in death.

Sad, so it is! —

"And many a wife doth rend her hair,
And many a child cries 'woe is me,'
Since messengers the news do bear,
Of Lovewell's dear-bought victory.
Well may they dance the powwow dance,
With horrid yells the forest fill;
The bear shall hide within his den,
The eagle seek the distant hill."

Uncle Ned. That battle was fearfully furious. The Indians in the fight roared; yelling, barking like dogs, and howling like wolves. They made hideous noises. The emboldened English, in return, gave loud huzzas. They rallied bravely.

SCENE IV. — *Same.* *Present* BLIND BILL *and* NED.

Uncle Ned. How are ye, Bill? I've been listening to loud music, and true, the tribes may well be called sweet singers. We are out now from their midst, and may as well as not enjoy their hilarities. I should have been a great singer myself, but was *spilt* in being fin-

ished; and ye 'll see the inside of my nasal organs was n't hollowed out right. But Bill, what news?

Bill. They tell me, and me believe it, the cruel Indians have caught and carried away the two Starks, Amos Eastman, and David Stinson from Penacook.

Uncle Ned. What do ye say (*bringing a hand to the ear*)? Do ye report that my old friend John Stark is killed by the savages?

Bill. Oh, no; me no say it (*raising his voice*). Me say he be caught; they kidnapped him, and other settlers too.

Uncle Ned. Where did they capture them?

Bill. Away up on the merry-make at Penacook. Have gone back with um, in the woods. That man Stark, he be noble, he be brave fellow. Has nice gal up there; her name be Molly. Molly much worry that her John be taken.

Uncle Ned. John Stark,* did ye say (*raising his hand*)? He 's a son of Billy Stark.

Bill. Yea, they were out hunting on the Pemegewasset.

Uncle Ned. I 've just been hearing how Stark and company have been caught by a tribe of ten, led by Moses. They seized John first, and then they waylaid the others at sunrise in the morning. The scamps killed Stinson, but John Stark will be too smart for um.

Bill. Yes, they killed Stinson.

Uncle Ned. Just like um. If I understand it, John 's good for um. He 'll give um hallelujah at the butt eend of the poker.

* This was the same John Stark, of Revolutionary fame, who in later years defeated Colonel Baum at the Battle of Bennington.

Bill. Uncle Ned, me also hear that Colonel Tyng, of Dunstable, has enlisted the friendly Mohawks, and they are coming to join the English in going to the battle-ground up in the woods, at the pond. They are going there to take the scalps of Paugus and his tribe that lay dead there. [*A noise without.*] Hark! the Mohawks have not yet gone. They still linger for a powwow. They seek one before they depart into the woods to the battle-ground of the dead. (*Enter Mohawks, and they dance and sing in chorus: "What means that dance, that powwow dance," etc.*) [*Curtain.*

SCENE V.—*A woodland cot in Connecticut. Present,* JACOB SPALDING. *Enter* BILL, *deerskin in hand, intoxicated.*

Bill. Jacob (hick) me want to sell you (hick) a deer-skin.

Jacob. I will buy it of ye, Bill, if we can agree. How much do you claim for it?

Bill. 'T is (hick) a good one. Me wants much (hick) wampum for it.

Jacob. I have no wampum, but I have a paper note, a tender-bill. This, Bill, I will give you for the deer-skin. It is good for six shillings cash. 'T is good as money.

Bill. Good (hick) as money or as (hick) wampum?

Jacob. Yes, good as gold (*giving it to him*). Now don't you lose it.

Bill. (Hick) All right. It 's (hick) a bargain (*taking it to his pocket*). [*Exit. Music. Re-enter* BILL.

Jacob. What now, Bill?

Bill. Me want (hick) me deer-skin.

Jacob. Begone, ye drunken scalawag; I paid ye for the deerskin; get out!

Bill. Ye much (hick) liar. Ye be (hick) dishonest. Me 'll (hick) tell the chief (hick) of it. Me chief, Sawnup, will (hick) give ye a licking. Me 'll be (hick) revenged, (hick), get out. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. — (*At a wigwam in the woods of Penacook.*) JOHN STARK *and* AMOS EASTMAN, *captives, seated with Indian tribe on the ground.* LIGHTFOOT *appears; the chief salutes him.*

Lightfoot. Me come for white man to ask chief to release captives — Stark and Eastman. White man would pay small ransom — not much money, some.

Chief. Me no release um; they worth big pile of money; white man no pay it. Stark be brave — Injun have sport with him. We be now ready. Will give him the gauntlet. Come, braves, (*beckoning the tribes*) take places for the gauntlet. (*The tribe obeys and arrange themselves in two files, facing each other. Stark at the word leaps through and through between the files of men and squaws, who, with loud vociferations, pick up and throw brickbats at him, as he passes on his round, he occasionally and pugnaciously hitting the braves on the right and left as he runs.*)

Lightfoot (*to the chief*). Now the gauntlet be run, me want answer. Will ye sell um? Will ye sell Stark and Eastman to white man?

Chief. Oh nah, nah, nah. Me no sell um at all. Settler no give good price for um.

Lightfoot. Then me will go tell him.

Chief. Yea; tell him to send me twenty pounds in

money, a bushel of seed corn, two gallons of rum, and twenty plugs of tobacco. [*Curtain.*

SCENE VII. — *At Spalding's kitchen in Connecticut. Present,* JACOB *at his cot. Enter* SAWNUP, *the Sagamore, attended by two Indian braves.*

Jacob. Well, chief, what now is wanted?

Chief. Me want pay for the deerskins, ye took away from Bill.

Jacob. I paid Bill, and shall not pay him again.

Chief. But ye no pay him at all; he says, you no pay him. We come to get pay for the deerskin, out of ye own hide.

Jacob. *What?* three Injuns to fight one white man.

Chief. Nah; two only, and that be my decision, my order; and that be just right. Braves! down upon him! (*Here the two Indians rush upon him, but he knocks down each as he comes, each falling and recovering, and, again flooring them, he gives them both a drubbing.*)

Indian (*rising up and turning to his Chief deploringly*). I 'd no idea of this. [*Enter* NED *and* WRINKLE.

Chief. Me had n't neither. Ye both be big cowards. Ye be nothing but women. Poor dogs! poor dogs! Me wish he 'd killed ye both.

SCENE VIII. — *At Rumford, a kitchen.*

Uncle Ned. Well our distant neighbors are leaving us constantly, one after another; some by accident, some by fell disease, some by old age; and many by the cruel, cursed savages. But Mrs. Wrinkle, please, if you know, what became of that farmer's girl, Mehitable Johnson? and that cousin of hers, Elizabeth Tobey?

Mrs. Wrinkle. Liz is still at home with her mother; and Mehitable, coming from the farm on a visit, is now at Tobey's also.

Uncle Ned. Does Liz get all the jewels she hankers after? all the equipage she wants to hang to her? That gal allays reminds me of an old squaw up in Quampegan, who, having but one pistereen, made a hole in it, and hung it right on to the tip eend of her nose, and wore it there.

Mrs. Wrinkle. Oh fie, Uncle Ned! Liz, as you know, is young. Her father, Tobey, was an Englishman of wealth when he came from beyond the seas. He has a plenty of money, and why not let Lizzie indulge a little. There are young men of high promise who often visit her father, and no wonder she dresses in superb style, and has the habit of hating all plain, vulgar, country habits.

Uncle Ned. I can't understand all ye say (*his hand up*), but who are the young sprouts ye are talking about? Are they fit to be married? Have they houses or lands? Or are they mere dandies that dress like dolls, and "carry their characters on their backs?"

Mrs. Wrinkle (*raising her voice*). They are likely, lovely young men, I can assure you. Fred Freeman, you know him. He, though poor, is an intelligent young lawyer. Law, you know, leads to honor, and sometimes to wealth. And there is Major Mack, he, as they talk, was born wealthy, is rich in houses, horses, and lands. These two are among the admirers of Liz.

Uncle Ned. I have n't heered *all*, but have heered enough. What you say may be all true. But, let me

tell ye, no wise boy of any means will ever want such a companion as that Liz Tobey. No man of wit will want a wife who has been bred in idleness as she has been. Idleness is sin. To be a drone, living on the labors of others, is to be miserable in life. No axiom is more true: the gods never favor anybody, save those who labor. [*Exit* WRINKLE.] But who comes? [*Enter* MRS. TOBEY.] Oh, it is you, yourself. Well, Mrs. Tobey, we 've been talking about the gals. How are your daughters, and how is the young Mehitable? Since she came from the country, how do our Rumford fashions agree with her? Mehitable, as you know, used to be the gal who, as I judged, would become a queen of some household. I mean a woman worth having — not a mere butterfly, but a lady; such as a man that is a man would want for a wife.

Mrs. Tobey. As to myself I do not welcome young men as visitors who have no wealth. They who grovel in poverty may sometimes succeed as fortune-hunters, but [*turning in disdain*] not within my doors. You inquire for my family, sir; Mehitable was not one of *my* girls, you know. She was brought up in the country upon a farm, and having been accustomed to menial service, she is quite slow to forget her *country habits*, which our ladies of fashion regard as being decidedly *vulgar*. My Elizabeth, as you know, not having been accustomed to the drudgery of chamber or kitchen, is very different. Unlike Mehitable, she belongs to fashionable society, loves leisure, and follows the fashions of dress, propriety, and decorum.

Uncle Ned. Fashions, did ye say? Why should she care for fashions? Instead of fashions give her our

good old country common sense, if you would prepare her to enjoy life's comforts. Go in for industrial economical labor, and in that she shall find pleasure. Have no outside, put-up jobs about it. Go in, independently, neck or nothing. Who do you think I saw yesterday up town?

Mrs. Tobey. Indeed, uncle, whom did you see?

Uncle Ned. I saw Sal Strout with all her goods and chattels hanging about her; her left hand is always uppermost by reason of the gilded pewter that clings to her fingers. 'T was much like this (*raising his finger adorned with a huge ring.*) [*Exit* NED. *Enter* FRED FREEMAN *and* MAJOR MACK *at opposite doors.*]

Mrs. Tobey. Ah, gents (*ringing a bell*)! It is long since we had the pleasure of a call on you, Mr. Freeman and Mr. Mack. I presume you have been quite busily occupied of late, as we have not so often seen you. How do you prosper, sir? I trust your good friends and elegant horses are all in vigorous condition.

Mack. Very true, madam. All in good health.

Mrs. Tobey. And you, Mr. Freeman, as I suppose, are still in pursuit of the law. How long since you completed your studies, and how are you progressing?

Fred. It has been about a year. I am now advancing with a tolerable success. How are your daughters? and how is the industrious Mehitable?

Mrs. Tobey. They are very well, sir. They will be in soon. I have called them. [*Enter* MEHITABLE, *greeting the guests.*] Yes, here is Mehitable. It takes Elizabeth longer to arrange her toilet.

[*Enter* LIZ, *greeting the guests.*

Liz. Mr. Freeman, we are very much pleased to be able to greet you once again. The hours have seemed long since your last call.

Fred. Yes: but you will excuse my long delays, remembering the hinderances that beset a professional life.

Liz. And you, Major Mack, as I hope are still enjoying your health and prosperity.

Mack. Thank you. I still try to make progress. I think we may all be made better by laudable efforts to an advancement. Now Lizzie, will you please entertain us with a song?

Liz. (*indifferently*). My music is not here, sir, and I am troubled somewhat with a cold. Excuse me, please (*turning to Fred Freeman*).

Mrs. Tobey. Major Mack, please excuse Elizabeth; she is quite hoarse.

Mack. Well, then, Miss Mehitable, the music is left to you. What say you for a song?

Mehitable. Major, I fear my music, old-fashioned, may fail to please you.

Mack. Oh, never mind; we will take that risk.

Mehitable (*with music, sings*): —

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

"Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wot ye how she chated me?
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch."

(*Repeating the above as a chorus.*)

(*Meanwhile Fred, listening, moves nearer complimenting the performance with applause.*) [*Music.*

SCENE VIII. — *Same. Present, Liz and Mrs. Tobey.*

Liz. Mother, why do you treat Major Mack with so much attention. If you flatter yourself that I shall ever select him as a partner with his awkward appearance, you will greatly mistake. Let him possess an estate ever so large, I could never endure his presence. If Fred Freeman had as much property, oh, how grand that would be. Then I would welcome *him;* and then all would be lovely.

Mrs. Tobey. You ought to remember, Elizabeth, that the wife of Major Mack would preside at the head of a lordly establishment. She would be adorned with diamonds, and other jewels, to the very height of the fashion.

Liz. All these accommodations are very fine. But to be tied up for life with so vulgar a personage as your rich major, to me it would be horrible. It would be worse than menial service itself, which any lady of fashion would avoid and [*disdainfully*] detest. Oh, how nice it would be, if Fred had a fortune like the Major.

Mrs. Tobey (*breaking in.*) [*Enter* MEHITABLE.] Elizabeth you talk very improperly. Fred never can be anything to you but a common acquaintance. True his is a youth of good manners, but of no estate. Beware as to how you talk or think of him. Only think of your becoming mistress of a family, with only one hired servant in it; to be obliged yourself to visit the market, to dust your own parlor, and generally to superintend your own affairs. And then when your husband comes home at night, he in his poverty must be busied upon

his hateful briefs in one corner, and you at work mending old clothing in another. [*Exit* Liz.

Mehitable. My dear aunt, if your Elizabeth really loved Fred as her husband, would not the work you name be pleasant to her. I am unable to see anything degrading in the duteous services you have named. Would she not desire to do it as a privilege, for one on whom she depends and loves? Surely would not true affection invigorate such industrious services into healthy, lovely, and nobler aspirations.

Mrs. Tobey. Mehitable, I perceive you [*Enter* Liz], in your experience, are becoming quite sentimental. But you ought to know, that work would be degrading to my Elizabeth in the extreme. Fred might suit your requirement, but could never supply her demands.

[*Exit, vexed.*

Liz. Old women go in for horses, for houses, and lands. I go in for love and leisure, and nothing to do. Now, Cousin Mehitable, tell me truly, tell me if you think Major Mack would be even tolerable, for a husband?

Mehitable. Liz, I would n't care for wealth as you do. Indeed, I would rather care to be independent of the wealth of others. I would prefer to be the author of my own livelihood, the originator of my own fortune. A fortune obtained through my own abilities to acquire it, to me would be worth a thousand borrowed ones. Duteous industry, exercised in the obtaining of a livelihood, would ever bring to life, comfort and satisfaction. I would dislike to be owned as a chattel, or to be worshipped as such. On my own gifts of God, and on my own gains through a duteous labor and econ-

omy, let me, as one of his creatures, stand or fall. Major Mack has a fortune already earned, and in person he seems quite respectable.

Liz. Respectable, that may be; yet how could I endure such a man, riches or no riches, wealth or no wealth? And as to Fred Freeman, he is as poor as a March rabbit. Although I intend to live without labor, and must have wealth and splendor, I shall never fancy such a numb-head as Mack is, to share it with me.

Mehitable. Why, not, then make the common daily duties and exercises of life a pleasure? Drudgery belongs to the sluggard; it rarely can be oppressive to a vigilant, active mind. Now, if you really love Fred, why not marry him? Why not be willing to share with him his fortune and fame, whether in wealth or in poverty. Your kind offices thus bestowed would be shared by yourself; it would encourage his manliness, and would not fail to bring to the household a corresponding delight.

Liz. You know, Mehitable, I am independent, and, as mother tells me, I was never born to be a slave.

[*Exit. Enter* UNCLE NED.

Mehitable (*at her duties*). We 've just been thinking of you, Uncle Ned.

Uncle Ned. What do ye say? Thinking of me. The gals are allers a thinking of me. They 've been so persistent in their loves and love-pats, that sometimes I 've been obliged to wear a mustache made out of a coonskin to keep the ravenous critters at a distance. So many on um I can't be of "no use to um, nohow." Sal Strout, you know her? The widow, I mean.

Mehitable. Yes, I know of her.

Uncle Ned (*confidingly*). Wahl, don't ye believe, she 's threatened to sue me for a breach of promise. But never mind, don't ye tell on 't. If I can, I am agwine to settle it with her. Don't name it. I would n't have my old woman — no, I would n't have Huldah to know about it, for all the whole town of Hardscrabble. *Enter* Liz.] But here 's Liz. Lady, what do ye think of Mehitable ? You see she 's always to work ; ye never see her idle. Don't tell on 't, I have taken a mighty great liking to that gal. 'T is a shine, as they call it.

Liz (*aside*). Ah, how tiresome all this talk is. Yet deliver me from being doomed to the darning of old stockings, or the washing of dishes. I fancy I am bound to enjoy a much more agreeable occupation.

Uncle Ned. Mehitable, I saw you out to-day on the hills taking sketches. 'T is right good for ye to breathe the mountain air. I 'll tell ye what, a wood-nymph takes solid comfort. And I see the mountains have painted the genuine colors of health upon that countenance you carry with ye. Yes Mehitable, you are young. Let me admonish ye. I believe in an honest heart like your'n ; and in true love — love of the old-fashioned kind — such as was common in my own boyhood : —

> At a time on memory's page,
> When children paid respect to age,
> When the man was always saint or sage,
> And women made the matches ;
> Wealth then a beau could never catch,
> And love it was that lit the match.

Liz, what makes ye look so pale. Come, cheer up. To-day I have just heard great news.

Liz. What is that ?

Uncle Ned. Why, I 've been told that Sam Simpson, that old miser who lived down in Hardscrabble, is dead.

Liz (*earnest and aloud*). Indeed, is it true? And was n't he the grandfather of Fred Freeman?

Uncle Ned. Faith, and he was; and it will turn out that his whole estate descends to Fred. And to so young a lawyer as Fred it is a mighty great windfall. 'T will give Fred wealth, if not wisdom. In fact, Fred is to inherit all the lands which that old miserly curse cheated out of the Injuns. Fred takes all his money, takes Pig Lane, half of the parish at Hardscrabble, including all the huckleberry plains; and besides he inherits all the old man's interest in the great goose-pasture down at Sligo. Now gals, Fred is the beau for ye; he 'll be worth having. Hurrah, now, for a trial. Who is to be the lucky gal?

Liz (*haughtily*). Ah, that is a question easily to be answered (*tossing her head high*). There will be no great contest on that score, I fancy. A gentleman of Fred's wealth and rank would hardly look below his own dignity, below his own station in society, for a wife. Of course, he will act up to the dignity of his wealth. He will never select a low, ordinary worker for his life companion. Oh no, not he. [*Exit contemptuously.*

Uncle Ned (*aside*). Wal; her cap sets high to-night. I wonder how it will set to-morrow? [*Curtain.*

SCENE IX. — *Same.* *Enter* SAGAMORE SAM. *Present*, MRS. WRINKLE.

Sam. Since I was here news hath come to the Colony at Boston that Colonel Tyng and his fifty men, having

arrived at the pond at Pequawket, obtained the scalps of Paugus and his men, have buried um, all the dead ones, in Lovewell's battle-ground; and that the Colonel and his men have all safely returned.

Mrs. Wrinkle. That's right, let um return. They are quite lucky, — lucky to get back unscalped. But have ye heard; do ye hear how (as they say) Chocorua is meditating death on the Campbells, on account of the loss of that boy. He has long distrusted that family of Campbells; has been seen lurking about that white man's cot suspiciously. My word for it, he has it in his heart that they poisoned his boy. Oh, if this be true, woe, woe, is to be upon them, and upon their dear children, if not upon us all!

[*A cry of murder and of wailings without, and soon the curtain rises in the rear, unveiling Chocorua, with tomahawk, dashing this way and that, seeking to escape. A shot comes at him from without, but he escapes.*]

[*A Dirge.*]

[*A slide, moving, unveils the family as slain.*]

Uncle Ned. Oh, murder, murder! Where can he be? Where has that old rascal of a murderer gone to? Guess they hit him! Guess he 's wounded! Suppose the Campbells did pison his boy, he had n't the ghost of a right to murder that whole family. Our settlers will follow; they 'll hunt him down. They 'll chase him by scores. Fled away, most likely. He 'll take to the mountains.

Mrs. Wrinkle. Oh, what cruelties! what consternation our English settlers are having! Indeed, what atrocities, what terrible heart-rendings are fast coming to pass amongst us! They 'll hunt Chocorua, and the

Lord, the Lord only knows how many more will be murdered before this matter comes to an end. But who are these?

[*Enter* LIZ *and* MEHITABLE, *breathless.*

Liz. I 've been away on a ramble, following Mehitable; and I am tired and frightened all but to death. We 've heard the bay of hounds in the forest, have seen men running hither and thither, and have heard frequent discharges of musketry. We 've made home here upon the run, and it does seem as if I should never, never recover my breath.

Mrs. Wrinkle. Liz, don't you know it? the English have gone in pursuit after that dreadful old Chocorua, who 's murdered the Campbells.

Mehitable (*breaking in*). O Lizzie, can it not be possible that your dear friend, Fred, has joined the company, and gone off in the dangerous pursuit after that old chief?

Liz. Indeed, I cannot think Fred would be so forgetful of me, and of my feelings, as to thus hazard his life without notice to us of his departure.

Mrs. Wrinkle. Ah, Lizzie, you will find that a heroic young man like Fred would never wait for ceremonies, if summoned upon an emergency like the one which has brought grief and sorrow upon these settlements. [*Enter* FRED.] But here he returns. Fred, we 've just been speaking of you, and have been fearing for your safety.

Fred. I started off with our settlers. We divided into bands; one was to go and return by the way of the lake, others were to traverse the woods and the mountain cliffs, and drive the savages from thence. And, lest

that old fox should take the back track, to evade his pursuers, it has been thought best for me to be here, to give the alarm should he attempt to hide himself under these mountains, nearer home. The scouts are in hot pursuit, moving in all directions.

Liz (*in flounced fantastic dress*). O my dear Fred, remain here; don't venture any further. Remain here with us. We need your protection, and there are a plenty of settlers in the woods, who will hunt out the old chief.

Mehitable. Yes, Mr. Freeman, take Lizzie's advice. Rest yourself, and gain strength for the advance to-morrow, if the hunt of to-day does not succeed.

[*Enter* MRS. WRINKLE.

Fred. My dear ladies, I cannot see how I can well refuse your kind invitation to remain here a while. But will you appease our excited minds by the use of a song?

Mrs. Wrinkle. Yes, Mehitable; that means you.

Fred. Yes, Miss Mehitable, you are the queen of song, they say, as well as of duteous industry. Please entertain us with a song. Oh, yes (*rising up*), a song.

Mehitable. I fear my simple music may not please you, sir. Would a Scotch ballad be agreeable to you?

Fred. Oh, yes.

Mehitable (*sings*).

ANNIE LAURIE.

"Maxwelton's banks are bonnie, where early falls the dew,
And 't was there that Annie Laurie gave me her promise true,
Gave me her promise true, and ne'er forget will I,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie, I 'd lay me down and die.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift, her neck is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest that e'er the sun shone on;
That e'er the sun shone on, and dark blue is her eye:
And for bonnie Annie Laurie, I 'd lay me down and die.

Like dew on the gowans lying, is the fa' of her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing, her voice is low and sweet;
Her voice is low and sweet, she 's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie I 'd lay me down and dee."*

(*Meanwhile Fred, attracted nearer to the music, seems entranced; whence Liz, in disgust, contemptuously retires, leaving the lovers alone, full in the faith of economical industry and connubial felicity.*)

[*Curtain slow falling.*]

* Written by Douglas of Finland, about the year 1685. *Annie* was the daughter of Sir Robert Laurie. Annie afterwards became the wife of a Mr. Ferguson of Craig-darroch.

See a Ballad Book [printed in Edinburgh in 1824], page 107. Some of the words, to be more clearly understood by an American audience, are here printed in English.

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *Tents on the Shore of the Winnepisseogee. Present* MRS. WRINKLE *and* UNCLE NED.

Mrs. Wrinkle. It 's all up now, Uncle Ned. The Lord only knows how many more of us are to be murdered before this conflict comes to an eend. And what are we agwine to do?

Uncle Ned (*agitated*). What the devil 's the use, old lady, in being always fussing about these deeds of blood, which happen to us every day. A mighty sight you 'd better be seeking repentance of your sins, than to be forever brooding over life's troublesome trespasses, with that treacherous tongue of yourn. Yr tongue is hung right in the middle on't, and it goes clap, clap, clapping at both eends. [*Enter* BLIND BILL.

[*Chocorua passes through, stealthily. An alarm is raised without. A slide unveils a scene in the woods, — a cot and a garrison, with settlers at the doors, armed variously, on tip-toe for pursuit of him.*]

Bill. The murderer! 't is the murderer! Which way did he go?

Uncle Ned. Go, did ye say? He 's gone back from the lake shore. Ye 'll find him hid in the dark forest, or in some ravine behind the rocks, or climbing the cliffs; or perhaps you 'll be able to shoot him, still lurking under the brow of the mountain. Up, and be going!

Hunt him out! hunt him out! But see to it that, from hidden ambush, he, or others, don't thrust ye through with arrows. (*Pointing the way.*) You go this way, you go that way, over the highlands, northward; we, the rest of us, will linger along the shore of the lake. He's an old fox; when ye start him he may return, taking the back track. Haste, now, and away! (*All answering at once.*) Yes, we'll away! (*and they dash away, vociferating, "We'll hunt him! We'll have him!"*) [*Enter* MRS. WRINKLE.

Mrs. Wrinkle. Oh, how terrible, terrible was that murder of the Campbells. Not a soul of them, save the father, who was away, now lives! Oh, what dreadful cruelty lurks and rankles in the unholy heart of a savage!

Uncle Ned. But I suppose 't is true that Chocorua's boy died of pison. The old chief thought the lad had been pisoned a purpose, by the Campbells. Chocorua was dreamy enough to believe they had murdered the boy; so it bewildered his mind.

Mrs. Wrinkle. Yes, but after all I do not imagine they intended any wrong to the lad. His being poisoned was, perhaps, nothing more than a sad accident, long to be deplored. But as against such impetuous barbarity, there seems to be no end, no respite, no relief to our hopeless, suffering settlements.

[*Chocorua passes through, dodging this way and that, and yells are again heard in the forest, by the English in fervent pursuit.*]

Uncle Ned. They are on the wake. They are pursuing the old curse. They are up and coming. He's got the start on um, yet they'll settle him. They'll

have his pelt! Wonder how much money they 'll get for it in Boston?

Mrs. Wrinkle. Oh, you don't know what a bloody hunt they are making against that old murderous chief. They went past old Nathan's garrison but a little time ago, sabres and firelocks in hand, upon the clean run, in the chase. They were following, driving southward towards the lake. (*Loudly.*) But Sam says the culprit had skulked off t'other way, towards the great mountain.

Uncle Ned. I don't believe he 'll take to a distance, at all. He 's a coy fox. As he 's wont, he 'll be sure to evade the hounds. He 'll take the back track, I guess. They 're well armed, and they 've taken Bickford's spotted dog with um. He 's a hound of the first water. If he gets hold behind — if he gets hold of the slack — he 'll hold, till the cows come home. He 's like old Captain Stick-to-um; he 's a hero in the rear. (*Strange noises and the tooting of horns without.*) Who, what 's all that? Hunters in pursuit? He 'll dodge into some hiding-place in the mountain. Ho for the hunters! they 're on his track! Who, — what 's that?

[*In the distance a hooting vociferously, and sounding of horns in the pursuit.*]

Mrs. Wrinkle. Yes, they are good hunters. They are teasing him! They 're on his track!

[*Still the outcry, the sounding of horns, and the barking of hounds.*]

Uncle Ned. Heigh-ho! he 's sneaking away. I see him, I guess I see him in the distance. They are after him, but he 'll take the back track. He 's a cunning old fox. But the king's forces are in the wake of him. They are in for him, straight atter him. Oh, they 're

mad, and they may well be mad. They 'll drive him out of the forest, straight down, down, down to — to h—ll, I hope.

Mrs. Wrinkle. How sad, sad this is, that the dear Keoka, Chocorua's squaw, fell at the first by a pining disease, and that, after they buried her, under the logs yonder, not far away, her dear, beautiful boy soon followed her by a secret, deadly poison. Then, as if some evil spirit had ordered it, Chocorua, as ye've seen, suspecting the Campbells as having poisoned his son, hath secretly, brutally murdered the whole family. Campbell himself then being away, hath now turned to the track, and, with Englishmen and hounds and weapons of death, they are all on the alert for Chocorua's life. (*Loudly to Uncle Ned.*) Oh dear, dear, what shall become of us amid all these terrible, terrible scenes of death.

Uncle Ned (*aside*). Scared to death, old Aunt Betty Wrinkle, — that 's you, and no mistake, — always being begrieved, and allers grieving. There 's no use in dying because all the t'others are dead. My love for my poor relations is profoundly sincere. But what 's the need of caving in? Now I don't propose to skedaddle; no, not till I get due notice from headquarters. You may run, Mrs. Wrinkle, you may run, but I — I — I — won't. [*Exit* MRS. WRINKLE.

(*From without, "News, news of a battle!"*)

[*Enter* SAGAMORE SAM.

Sam. Uncle Ned, have ye heard of it? There 's been a battle, a bloody battle at Norridgewock. The English, under Moulton and Harmon, have invaded the Abenakies, have assailed and slain Mogg, and have

murdered that old missionary, Ralle, who had encouraged the Indians. The English assailed the castle, took his scalp, and put all his tribes to flight.

Uncle Ned. What is that ye say (*holding his hand, listening*).

Sam. They 've slain that old missionary, Ralle.

Uncle Ned. Wal; that 's great news. Enough for to-day. Wonder how much pewter they 'll get paid for the scalp of a missionary? Indeed, they 'll have extra for that, and they 'll be entitled to it. Sure, the scalp of a head as mellow and as wicked as Ralle's was, will never be a drug in the Puritan market. I reckon 't will be just about equal to a coon-skin, half-tanned.

[*Curtain.*]

SCENE II. — *Same. At the brow of Chocorua Mountain.*

Outsiders (*exclaiming*). Oh, there he is, there he is on he crag; jump off there! (*Barking of dogs without.*)

Chocorua (*from the crag, answering*). The Great Spirit gave Chocorua his life, and he 'll not throw it away for the white man. (*Musket shots are heard from without; at length curtain rises unveiling Chocorua wounded, cursing, and settlers with firelocks and other weapons, who had followed in pursuit of him.*)

Chocorua. Curse on yr living! Curse on yr dead! Yr warpath, let it lay in snares! Blast, blast yr fields in frost and tares! Pestilence eternal, on all yr heads infernal! Ye killed my boy; me too ye 've slain! Let devils deride ye, torture ye, damn and detest ye! [*Enter* MRS. WRINKLE.] (*Staggering, he swoons and falls.*) [*Dirge.*

Scene III. — *Same.*

Mrs. Wrinkle. O Lord have mercy, mercy on our afflicted English settlers. God only knows what troubles, what trials, what dearths, and what deaths shall henceforth follow on to us. The dread vengeance of Heaven, which has been evoked upon the heads of our own race, in this our New England, is threatening us. Oh, I fear, I fear it, near at hand. [*Enter* Robinhood.] And here comes our native soothsayer, the interpreter. Oh tell us, tell us, Robinhood. What, what is to come next, from all, all these signs?

Robinhood. Signs; signs there be. Sure signs, from the Great Spirit they come. Me see um; me that can hold converse with the dead; me that can foretell events, ye ask me questions. Me that can take the rattlesnake in the hand without harm (*holding a snake*); me that can have talk and help from the Great Spirit, do ye ask me?

Mrs. Wrinkle. Yea; what mean all these gloomy signs?

Robinhood. You mean this strangeness in the sky, in the cloud, in the air, and in the earth?

Mrs. Wrinkle. Yes.

> Veiled now in sackcloth stands the sun,
> The Indian hunter's day is done,
> In these New England borders;

Robinhood. Indeed

> A deadly shaft his heart had broken,
> High in the cloud the fates betoken,
> Unwonted, strange disorders.

THE CONJUROR.

Mrs. Wrinkle. But what the dangers? what are the disorders to be?

Robinhood. Ah, they be none other than that which the Great Sagamore hath called out. Such as be seen in the warpath when the wrath of the Great Spirit have come, and the lightnings above have flashed over it with fiery fagots. [*Thunders in the distance mutter.*] Ah, Abamoco have heard the great chief. His voice there, his vengeance still there (*pointing his finger*) coming in the cloud (*still pointing*), away up yonder.

Mrs. Wrinkle. But tell us, Robinhood, whence this power in the old chief, now that he is dead, to bring dismay? Whence these threatenings which create painful fearfulness in the midst of these our lonely settlements, and all along beneath yonder bleak mountain.

Robinhood. Me no tell ye more (*winds whistle, a tempest, and thunders mutter*). Me have told it; me see it (*pointing, gesticulating*). Abamoco noisy; Abamoco mad. He 's in the sky; he 's in the pisoned, putrid air; in the cloud. Yes, 't is Chocorua's curse (*rattlings of hail, lightnings, and thunder*). His curse upon the white man comes. (*A slide moving unveils poisoned, frost-bitten, blighted fields, pale, and sickly trees, and vegetation, lean, decrepit cattle, sheep and horses moping in despair*).

Robinhood. Ah, it be so — a curse, a curse upon ye. Me told ye of it.

Mrs. Wrinkle. You ought to have been there and heard Chocorua in all he told to the English. So loud he cursed them. Hark! (*Hoarsely behind the curtain, and but little seen, a ghost appears.*)

Chocorua's ghost.

Vile, heartless knaves, ye killed my boy,
My own Keoka's only joy,
E'er in the grave she rested;
By deadly drugs laid low he died,
Me too ye've slain, let devils deride,
Ye tortured, damned, detested.

Mrs. Wrinkle (*the scene darkens*). Oh, a ghost and a curse, the curse of Chocorua. — How dark it is! There's a chill in the air; there's frost in these veins. Hark! those accents are fearful. Though unseen, indeed, it is the ghost of Chocorua.

Ghost.

The moping owl hath ceased to hoot,
The scrub-oak falters at the root,
And the snail is lank and weary;
The fated fawn hath found his bed,
Huge hawks high up have fallen dead
Adown the apex dreary.

Robinhood. Indeed, Mrs. Wrinkle, this is the curse of Chocorua.

Mrs. Wrinkle. Yes.

Fated, the fields no fruits adorn,
The hills are pale with poisoned corn,
The flocks are lean, repining;
No growth the panting pastures yield,
And the staggering cattle roam the field,
Forlorn, in death reclining.

Robinhood. Me be necromancer; me told ye 't would be so.

Mrs. Wrinkle. Indeed, so it is, so it is, as 'tis said.

Thus are we made the slaves of earth,
Mope in miasmas, deep in dearth,
Sad from some bad beginning;

From cruelty to friend or foes,
These morbid pains and mental woes,
Prove but the pangs of sinning.

Search now for the flower, not one is known,
The maple leaf is dry half grown,
And death is in the fountains.

(*Lifting both hands.*)

O God, forgive our Saxon race,
Blot from thy book, no more to trace,
Fraternal wrath infernal;
That taints the atmosphere we breathe,
The sky above, and earth beneath,
With dearth, and death eternal.

Uncle Ned. Yea, oh yea, 't is here ; Chocorua's curse. The curse is here, and a devil of a curse it is.

Mrs. Wrinkle.

High now a voice is in the air,
As if Chocorua still were there,
With wood-nymphs wild attending;
Hark! hear it afar on the mountain side,
The plaint of earth's down-trodden tribe,
Bleak with the azure blending.

(*Hounds in the distance.*)

Uncle Ned.

Come boys, we 'll take our tents away,
To better vales, 't is break of day,
The hounds are awake for duty;
Blow, blow the horn! a gracious sun
Hath brought a brotherhood begun,
In life, in love, and beauty.

[*Curtain descends amid the blowing of horns, answered by the dogs.*]

BATTLE OF THE BUSH.

MULTIFARIOUS MATTERS.

PRIMEVAL, MODERN, AND PROGRESSIVE.

In "Jossely's Voyages to New England" he says: "Prince Philip, a little before I came from England to Boston, in 1671, had a coat on and buskins set with beads (wampum), in pleasant, wild works, and a broad belt of the same. His accoutrements were valued at twenty dollars."

Mrs. Rowlandson, as a captive, discoursing of Quinnapin, her late master, says, —

"Quinnapin was dressed in a Holland shirt, with great stockings, his garters hanging around with shillings, and with girdles of wampum upon the head and shoulders."

That Weetamoo (for a dance) "was dressed in a kersey coat, covered with girdles of wampum from the loins upward; that her arms, from the elbow to her hands, were covered with bracelets; had handfuls of necklaces about her neck, and several sorts of jewels in her ears. She had on red stockings, white shoes, her hair powdered, and face painted red, which always before was black. That all the other dancers were dressed after the same manner."

"Usually the dress of the women consisted of two articles; a leather shirt, or undergarment, ornamented with a fringe, and a shirt of the same material, fastened around the waist with a belt, and reaching to the feet. Their hair they dressed in thick, heavy plait, which fell down upon the neck. They sometimes ornamented their heads with wampum, or with a small cap."

MUSIC OF THE MOHAWKS.

"At a dance, sometimes, there were two" outsiders, "singing for the dancers, and playing upon a kettle, sometimes hopping up and down, sometimes taking a drink of warm water at the fireside, and now and then throwing out a compliment of wampum to the by-standers."

INDIANS MEETING THE PILGRIMS, 1622.

Every man of them, it is said, was clothed in a deer-skin, and the principal of them had a wild-cat skin, or such like, on one arm.

Most of them had long "hozen" up to their groins, close made, and about their groins another of leather. These, altogether, were like the Irish trousers.

COMPLEXION.

"Their appearance was like our English Gypsies. No hair, or very little, on their faces. On their heads long hair to their shoulders," cut only on the forehead. Some, however, were trussed up before, with a feather, broadwise, like a fan. One had a fox-tail hanging out.

Their bows and arrows were not always kept with them. They sang and danced to the Pilgrims, after their manner, like antics.

PHILIP'S BELTS.

After the killing of King Philip, in 1676, it is said, Annawon, one of his men, meeting Captain Church, addressed him thus: "I believe me and my company are the last that war against the English; so I suppose the war is ended by your means. Therefore" (from a pack) "I give ye this belt, beautifully embroidered, which belonged to King Philip." "It was nine inches in breadth, and of such length as when put about the shoulders of Church it reached to his ankles." "It was reckoned to be of great value, being embroidered all over with money, that is, wampumpeag of various colors, curiously wrought into figures of birds, beasts, and flowers."

Philip had another "belt, with which he used to ornament his head, from the back part of which flowed two flags, which decorated his back; and then there was a small one, with a star upon the end of it, which he wore upon his breast. All three," it is said, "were edged with red hair, and were obtained from the Mohawks.

INDIAN TASTE.

The natives are noted for their strong propensity to gorgeous personal ornaments. But now, in civilized life, all show of wealth is to be regarded as vulgar. It is related of an Indian squaw, although otherwise penniless, having but one pistareen she put a hole through it, and hung it to the end of her nose, as an ornament.

INDIAN MONEY.

It appears that "the English merchant giveth them (the Indians) ten shillings a fathom for their white, and as much more, or near upon, for their blue beads." "These beads are their money. Of these there are two sorts, blue beads and white beads. The first is their *gold*, and the last is their *silver*. This money they work out of certain shells." "They grind the shell upon stone, so cunningly that neither Jew nor devil can counterfeit it." They drill the beads at the size of a pipe-stem, and four or five of them make an inch. They string them, and make curious works with them to adorn the persons of their sagamores and young women, such as belts, girdles, tablets, borders for their women's hair, bracelets, necklaces, and links to hang in their ears." As money, it is called wampum; sometimes "peak."

INDIAN HABITS AND CUSTOMS.

Indians, as did all other nations of the earth in the beginning, roam in tribes. Mere hunters and wanderers, they, from day to day, seek a livelihood at the seashore, on the lakes and rivers, and in the wilderness, where the salmon or the shad, or the beast or the bird, may best be found to supply their constant cravings. Their labor is but little, and that labor is, for the most part, performed by the women. They never had any written history prior to the advent of our Pilgrims. Their historic memoranda were confided to the retentive memories of their women. The braves made their

treaties, they did the talking; and to the squaws were usually confided the task of remembering all that was said and done. Thus they, in the main, held the history of treaties and of other events.

INDIAN ART.

His wigwam, his wampum, his mortar, and his battle-axe made of stone, were samples of his best skill. His paintings were extravagant and gaudy, his colors brilliant. The flesh side of the skins of beasts were generally taken on which to do their painting. They spotted their work in curious fantastic hues, and often with strange colorings, such as none but a wild man could make, contrive, or invent. They knew but little, and sought inventive improvements in nothing.

CLOTHING.

Douglas, our first writer in New England Indian History, says, our Northern Indians at the first wore skins of seals cut in different ways and sewed together with thongs. They had no threads of flax or hemp. That in other parts of the country they usually wore skins variously from beasts of the forest, that after the first English settlements had been made, they, for the most part wore duffels and blanketings about two yards square, which the Romans would have denominated "togas;" that their sagamores or sachems usually wore blankets with borders of different curious colors.

INDIAN MANNERS.

When the settlers first came here the Indians generally entertained them with a generous feeling. But after a series of years had elapsed, partly by reason of the wild, cruel, and uncultured nature of the Indian himself, and of his unstable, treacherous disposition, and partly by reason of the want of kindness, discretion, honesty, and fairness of individual white men, who, from time to time, violated law and justice; and partly from the secret machinations of French Jesuits, who hated the English in their dominion here, and who took an interest in that nation, who were accused of advising or instigating the northern and eastern tribes to invade and make war upon our English settlers, the native Indian was made to distrust them. Hence, true to his nature, at every provocation, real or surmised, he sprang forth from his secret hiding-places an implacable enemy, quick to a reckless revenge against the English. And yet the Canadian French, some of them at least, could but be convinced of his frailties, giving him, as some thought, his true character, to wit: *Les homines des bois* — Men brutes of the forest.

Yet there was much of manliness in the Indian heart and many were his enjoyments of life. All had a share in the cool and shady hunting-grounds, and in the glittering skies of heaven. His fishing and hunting afforded him a pastime, tobacco was one of his best luxuries. His wants, being few, were easily supplied, and the bow, arrow, and fishing-rod were the leading instruments by which he was supplied with food and raiment.

With his tribe, his squaw, as well as himself, wandered, bearing, as often she did, the heaviest part of the burden. The New England lakes and rivers afforded fruitful fishing-places; and his wigwam was often made glad by the song and dance; and by the smoking or "drinking the pipe," as they called it.

The large lakes afforded them favored fishing-places. These, with the rivers, were a constant income as vast highways which brought to his use, at every returning spring, a full supply of salmon, alewives, and shad. At that day no dams or bars being in the way to prevent or retard the finny tribes in their advent up the rivers; and coming in vast numbers, they became a source of great wealth to the natives of New England. At the forks of the Merrimac, now Franklin, N. H., the salmon, which are prone to seek the coldest climes, generally took to the cold water from the mountains and went up the Pemigewasset; while the other tribes usually sought the warm water, and followed it upward towards the great Lake Winnipisseogee. From our rivers, — the Merrimac, Connecticut, Kennebec, Saco, the Penobscot, and their tributaries, — the thirty thousand Indians, that used to trail along these valleys, obtained their principal support. For thousands of years these flowing fountains had been held within their domains as inherited prospective property of the red man.

Sturgeons used to be obtained from the Merrimac. As these large fish passed up the river, two Indians, the one to scull the boat, and the other to throw the weapon, would spear them. Many a noble sturgeon in those years were thus slain and tugged ashore from his native waters.

Douglas, who lived among the tribes, and who gave an account of them a hundred and forty years ago, says, the "Indians are not so polite as the wandering Tartars. Like the wild Irish, they dreaded labor more than poverty. Like dogs, they are always either eating or sleeping, except in travelling, hunting, or dancing. Their sloth and indolence incline them to sottishness. Before Christians arrived amongst them they had no knowledge of strong drink. This Christian vice not only destroys their bodily health, and that of their progeny, but creates feuds, outrages, and horrid murders. They are much given to falsehood and deceit. Their temper is the reverse of Eastern Indians, whereof some castes or sects will not kill any animal. The West Indians or Americans are barbarous, and upon small provocations kill their own species. Some of them excel in barbarity, and in revenge and fury eat the flesh of their enemies, not from hunger or delicacy. Such were the Florida Indians: they said that the flesh of the English ate mellow and tender; that of the Spaniard, hard and tough; the Bermudian, fishy.'

"The Aboriginal Americans have no honesty, no honor; that is, they are of no faith, but mere brutes in that respect. They generally have great fortitude of mind: without any appearance of fear or concern, they suffer any torture and death. In revenge they are barbarous and implacable: they never forgive injuries.

"If one man kills another, the nearest in kindred to the murdered man watches an opportunity to kill the murderer; and the death of one man may occasion the deaths of many. Therefore, when a man is guilty of murder, he generally leaves the tribe and goes into a

kind of voluntary banishment. They are a sullen, close people. The Indian wars ought to be called massacres or inhuman barbarous outrages, rather than the necessary acts of hostility."

This is the descriptive account by Douglas of the Indians in New England one hundred and forty years ago. But it may be noted that this history of the Indian is written by a white man under all the prejudices which may be had by one race against another. So that it must be taken at least with a few grains of allowance

WAR BETWEEN THEMSELVES.

At Penacook.

The first great battle between the tribes, of which tradition has any account, was that at Penacook (since Rumford), now Concord, New Hampshire. It appears to have been not long before the plague of 1617. As appears, the hostile Mohawk tribes, coming down from what is now New York to Penacook, gave battle to the Massachusetts, Pawtuckets, and Penacooks.

The angry "Mohawks, who had once been repulsed by the Penacooks, came there with a strong force, and encamped at what is now called" Fort Eddy, opposite Sugar Hill, on the west of the River Merrimac. Thence they watched their prey, determined to starve the Penacooks by a siege, or to decoy them out and destroy them.

"Having gathered their corn for the season, and stored it in baskets around the walls of their fort, the Penacooks, with their women and children, entered

within, and bade defiance to their foes." Skirmishes often ensued. Whenever a Penacook left the fort he was ambushed. If a canoe pushed off from the bank, another, from the opposite side, started in pursuit. The Penacooks would not venture an open fight, nor did the Mohawks dare to assail the fort. At length one day a solitary Mohawk was seen carelessly crossing Sugar Ball Plain, south of the fort. Caught by the decoy, the Penacooks rushed out in pursuit. The Mohawk ran for the river. Band after band from the fort followed in the chase, till all were drawn out of the fort; when the Mohawks, secretly crossing the river above, having approached in the rear and secreted themselves, now suddenly sprang from their hiding-places, and took possession of the fort. At this a terrible war-whoop went up from the Penacooks. They turned back, and long and bloody was the battle.

The fight by the Penacooks was "for their wives and children; for their old men, for their corn, and for life itself." By the Mohawks it was "for revenge and for plunder."

The Penacooks were much reduced in numbers, and the Mohawks, retreating, "left their dead and wounded on the ground."

The diversity of skulls which used to be found on that ancient Indian battle-ground induces the belief that their dead were buried promiscuously.*

In Massachusetts.

The second battle was that terrible conflict between the Tarratines of the East and the Pawtuxets and other

* See Bouton's "History of Concord."

tribes of the west, during the plague which prevailed here amongst them, about the years 1617 and 1618, and it was their bones that were common to be found by the Pilgrims along the hills and in the valleys of New England, several years after that battle had been fought.

At Sachem's Plain.

The third great conflict, as among themselves, was that of Miantonimo against Uncas; to wit: the Narragansetts against the Mohegans, in 1637, on Sachem's Plain, which we have already herein elaborated.

In the Mohawk Country.

The fourth and last conflict among themselves was in 1669, when the Massachusetts tribes, enforced by English volunteers (without any authority from its colony), in all about seven hundred strong, took a march into the Maquaa's country. They were mostly young warriors, and moved with the intent of invading and destroying the Mohawks.

Eliot, the New England apostle, ardently advised against this movement, but to no effect; and five of his Indian disciples, also volunteering, went westward into the fight.

Josias, an ambitious, middle-aged Indian, led off, as commander. Thence they advanced two hundred miles through the forest, and, at length falling in upon a Mohawk fort, they stormed it, but lost scores of their men slain. Others fell sick and died; and, after much hesitation and delay, they gave up the siege.

On their retreat, the Mohawks following in pursuit, and obtaining position in swamp and ambush, in front

of them, gave battle. Their chief, Chickatabut, was killed, and nearly fifty of these warriors thus fell on their retreat from the invincible Mohawks. Their general loss was nearly one half of their original force.

INDIANS AGAINST THE ENGLISH.

As between the native tribes of New England and its English settlers, by force of a treaty with Massasoit, there remained, from the advent of the Pilgrims, as we have seen, a peace of fifty years; and then, with King Philip, hostilities commenced, which culminated into a war of extermination, which continued, to a greater or less extent, for nearly an hundred years. Its landscape, in the main, was a wilderness interspersed with now and then a clearing, a hamlet, a cot, or a wild wigwam. The conflicts were sometimes commenced at midnight, — as in the assault upon the garrisons at Cocheco, — but mostly in the early morning; and this accords with Indian customs. Their weapons of war were sometimes the bow and poisoned arrow, or, later, the English musket; yet generally they gave battle with the blazing fagot, the long knife, and tomahawk.

The weapons of the English settlers were the common firelock and the deadly sabre.

The Indians' mode of attack was, and is, like this: By the hundreds they at night approach a village, divide their force into small squads, who remain secreted in every part of it, and at dawn the battle commences in the slaughter of its men at the threshold, in the killing of their families, and in the burning down of their houses.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

This was an Indian military punishment. It consisted in compelling the victim, with the upper part of his body naked, to run between two lines of Indians, usually with rods in their hands, who inflicted blows as he passed.

POW-WOW.

Mrs. Rowlandson, the captive, described a pow-wow, as foreshadowed on pages 173 and 174 of this work, and elaborates a scene after the fight at Medfield, as follows: —

"Before they came to us, oh the outrageous roaring and whooping that there was! They began their din about a mile before they came to us. By their noise and whooping they signified how many they had destroyed, which was, at that time, twenty-three. They that were with us at home were gathered together as soon as they heard the whooping, and every time that the others went over their number these at home gave a shout, that the very earth rang again. And thus they continued till those that had been upon the expedition were come up to the sagamore's wigwam. And then, oh the hideous insulting and triumphing that there was over some Englishmen's scalps, that they had taken (as their manner is) and brought with them!" *

* "Mrs. Rowlandson's Narrative."

LOCATION OF THE TRIBES.

1637.

In the East were the Tarratines, who, in 1617, had invaded the Pawtuxets, of Rhode Island, and other tribes, and who, aided by the plague of that time, had nearly annihilated them. Westerly, on the Mystic, still smouldered the ashes of the Pequot nation. In Massachusetts and Rhode Island the Narragansetts — that best informed of all the tribes, led as they were, and had been, by the renowned Miantonimo and Canonicus — still roamed. Further westerly, in Connecticut, the valiant Mohegan tribes, then, and for a long time, still wandered, under the chief leadership of Uncas. And then, along the Merrimac and Connecticut Rivers, and in winter along the shores of the sea, were the Penacook and Wamesit tribes, of New Hampshire and Massachusetts, under the lead of Passaconaway as chief sachem, and afterwards of his son Wonalancet. Also in their midst were the Nipmuck tribes, that roamed, located, as they had been, between the two great rivers above named. More northerly, and along the easterly borders of New York, there were the hunting grounds (six tribes in all) of the warlike Mohawks; and in the whole making up about thirty nations, and in New England to the number of about fifty thousand native Indian inhabitants. These nations, organized under laws unwritten, wandered wild, as all the inhabitants of the world (before the dawn of civilization) did in tribes wander.

ELIOT AMONG THE TRIBES.

In the year 1631, John Eliot, the apostle, came to New England, and studiously undertook the evangelization of these rude and uncultivated nations of the wilderness.

At the first, in preparation for this great work, he directed all his sermons to the English settlers in this region, and, with such assistance as he could obtain, organized and built up churches in the English hamlets, at his own Roxbury, at Boston, and elsewhere, preaching half his time at home, and the remainder of his time throughout the white settlements in the neighboring towns of New England. And thus he advanced for the first fifteen years of his mission.

In the meantime he had been educating young men for the ministry, had procured the building of an Indian college at Cambridge, in which the natives were taught the English language, as well as divinity; while others were taught the Indian language, and how to translate the English into the Indian language. During this fiften years he was also at work, by pamphlet, by letter, and by books of his own making, whereby he shaped and concentrated public opinion of the settlements in favor of his plans, and to the advancement of his evangelical enterprise.

His assistant-preachers, his printers, proof-readers, and interpreters thus being schooled, the apostle then in the year 1646 commenced his missionary work by preaching his first sermon to the assembled tribes at Nonantum, near Natick, Massachusetts, and at Wabun's tent, in the wilderness.

TROUBLES BEYOND THE SEA.

1631.

Eliot, in New England, had left the Old World, as we have seen, when the unfortunate Charles I. was king, and at the time when the religious creeds of the realm were distracted, all in dread conflict; when the king was at war against parliament, and parliament was angry against the king; when the English government was powerless to advance, its wheels being clogged up, the kingdom throughout broken down, and falling apart into factions. It was then the religious and political rights of the realm seemed to have come to an end, and the armies of England, Scotland, and Ireland were making sad havoc on many a field of battle. And it was then that our Eliot had left England, and the comrades of his youth, among whom was that valiant heart, then young, like his own, and full of Republicanism, Oliver Cromwell.

Cromwell, as appears, disgusted with England's troubles, had, at about the same time, packed his trunks with intention also to embark for our New England;* but the God of governments, for wise purposes, turned the intent of Cromwell to still remain in England; while Eliot was led, for another wise purpose, to seek the broad field of apostolic labors among the natives, in this then wilderness of the New World. And thus it

* "Urged by his wants and his piety, Cromwell had made a party with Hampden, his near kinsman, who was pressed only by the latter motive, to transport himself into New England, now become the retreat of the more zealous among the Puritanical party; and it was on an order of Council which obliged them to disembark and remain in England."— "Hume's History of England," vol. 5, ch. 61, p. 437.

proved, that while Cromwell soon became the renowned Protector of the realm in the Old World, Eliot, coming here, became the great primeval leader to a Christian civilization among the settlers and Indian nations of the new.

ELIOT'S BOOKS.

During the existence of Cromwell's sovereignty, of seven years, ending at his decease, September 3, 1658, Eliot here had written a book entitled "The Christian Commonwealth." In this he had planned and praised and chalked out a republican form of government. But, sad as it seems, Cromwell dying before the book issued from the press, and the work coming, in its terms, in conflict with the crown, Eliot began to see danger to himself upon the kingdom's being restored to the reign of Charles II.

The colonial government also becoming anxious upon the matter of this book, which sought a republican form of government, and advising its suppression, — the work was suspended, and the book never was given to the public. Thus, more than two hundred years ago, did John Eliot foreshadow our republican form of government in his "Christian Commonwealth," thus suppressed; yet his cautious plans and suggestions became popular, and lived to be adopted and sustained by a noble nation an hundred years after his death.

These were times of great anxiety and trial on both sides of the sea; and on the change of the government back from the Protectorship of a Cromwell to the crown of a kingdom, all of the Protector's adherents

were narrowly watched, and, as we have seen, some of them escaped to foreign ports, for their lives, under the general appellation of the "Regicides."

CIVIL POWERS.

All the way along, in the Apostle's progress in New England, there were several elements of power which had to be respected.

First of all, there was the parent English government, at London, then distracted, as we have seen, by terrible conflicts. Then there was the Colonial government at Boston, and then the loose, rude, and undefined governments of the Indian nations in New England.

The rights, rules, habits, and customs of all these, at all times, were to be heeded and respected; for there is no nobler reward in this life than the consciousness of having rendered to all their dues.*

NATICK AN INDIAN TOWN.

Early in his mission Eliot obtained a gift, or exchange of lands, on which to build up and organize an Indian town, which took the name of Natick, and which, in their language, means a "Place of the Hills."

This was peopled, organized, and officered by Indians, and all the affairs of the town were conducted in a perfectly orderly manner by its Christian Indian inhabitants nearly through the fifty years of Eliot's

* See Caverley's "Lessons of Law and Life from John Eliot the Apostle."

labors in their midst, and for nearly fifty years afterwards. At Natick, Eliot, often attended by his ministry, met the assembled tribes of red men there, up to the end of his days, as well as in other Indian towns, then fast becoming civilized within the spacious fields of his labor. But, alas! the advent of Philip's war, a war of extermination, fell upon Eliot and all the vast labors of his life, bringing dismay. The war trump and the conflict came upon him like the rushing of a terrible tempest, threatening devastation and death to the nations. The tomahawk and scalping-knife on the one hand, and the English bayonet and sabre on the other, were being brandished, threatening the overthrow of his Indian churches; and Eliot's Zion was beginning to be tossed by the tempest. The tornado gathered blackness, and the lightnings and thunderbolts of war came down, chilling the blood of mortals. It was then that Christian peace and love were turned into madness, cruelty, and blood. Thence came the blazing fagot and the deadly tomahawk, with all of their nightly and morning horrors, waging a war of extermination, which wielded the blood-stained weapons of demons.

And in this the Christian Indian was not allowed to stand neutral, but was compelled to take up arms against his own kindred race, or be manacled, imprisoned, or slain. Under this pressure some of the natives not being willing to allow their own kindred people to be destroyed, fled into the ranks of King Philip; some of them, like Wonalancet, seeking peace, wandered away into the dense wilderness far away; while Eliot's non-resistant Christian red men were seized, as at Na-

tick, manacled, and boated down Charles River, and were held at Deer Island as prisoners of war.*

Hence it was that one of Eliot's disciples, Job Nesuton, when the dread alternative came, taking sides with the English, turned into the fight with them. Job had been long with James, the printer in Eliot's service on the Indian Bible and other works, was a good linguist in the Indian tongue, as well as in the English language. In the conflict he proved a valiant soldier, and fell in the fight during the first expedition at Mount Hope.

1. 'T is sad to tell, how the Indian fell,
   How the storm had swept the deck,
   How the tribes of yore, all dashed ashore,
   The craft became a wreck.

2. Bright stars shall burn, and seasons turn
   Their sunny sides forever,
   But ne'er to change, that mountain range
   Again shall know them never.

3. True, true, they say, there 's a better day,
   And, faith, we ought to find it;
   For the lights of love that burn above
   Are lit for man to mind it.

THE SHAM FIGHT AT COCHECO.†

About a month subsequent to the death of King Philip, the war was supposed to be ended, and proclamation was made by the English that on the sixth day of September, 1676, there was to be a great training at Cocheco, in which the red men in every part

* Caverly's "Lessons of Law and Life from John Eliot the Apostle," page 15.

† Dover, N. H.

of New England were invited to participate. The day arrived. The peaceful Wonalancet was there. Four hundred other Indians were there, among whom were that scattered and bereaved remnant of Eliot's men, from Wamesit and other places, some of whom had been pressed into the fight against a strong desire to be neutral. Some of them, peaceful, had fled away for a while, but had returned at the joyful news of peace; and all, now willing to join the white men, bringing a Christian olive branch, had now come to take part in the great training at Cocheco.

Major Waldron, (who, as we have seen, four years afterwards by the tribes was murdered, at midnight,) was the commanding general of the day. In the order of exercises the sham-fight was conspicuous. In this, Indians, without weapons, were stationed to the drag-ropes of the artillery. The English, as of course, had charge of the guns. All being ready for the onset, a signal was given by the discharge of a field-piece, at which, by a preconcerted manœuvre, the English infantry, closing in upon the Indians, on all sides, seized, manacled, and confined them all as prisoners of war.*

Thus, at Cocheco had assembled the Wamesits, the Penacooks, the Ossipees, Pequakets, and others, all at the peace-making beck of the white man, and under his then supposed benign protection, as well as of their leader, the peaceful Wonalancet, and of Eliot's Christian civilization. But, alas! they were all prisoners. And

* Hubbard, the historian, says: "They were handsomely surprised, without the loss of any life, to the number of four hundred Indians." That parade field was on the rise of ground east of the bridge over the Cocheco, in Dover, N. H.

then and there, without a trial, they were separated, the peaceful from the perfidious. About two hundred of them, with Wonalancet, then thought to be harmless, were released. The other two hundred, being suspected of evil intent, were marched or boated away to Boston. Seven or eight of them were hanged as murderers, some of them sent to other parts, and some sold into slavery.* The selling of Indians into slavery appears not to have been uncommon.†

KING PHILIP'S WAR.

This terrible conflict with the natives took its origin not from the masses, on the one side or the other, but from the depredations of desperadoes, from time to time, the embers of anger were constantly kindled, soon to be fanned forth into furious flames; and although terrific scenes of war and blood had transpired, beclouding and hedging up the pathway of the apostle, in the killing of his educated ministers and teachers, and in the distraction or destruction of his churches, and the people of his faith and care, Eliot was still prayerfully active, and, but for him and his people, New England most likely would have been lost to its first English settlers.

ELIOT IN WAR.

In that dread conflict the apostle had followed his disciples, his ministers, his teachers, his printers, his

* See Caverly's "Indian Wars of New England."

† Just prior to this time seven Indians were sold by the Treasurer of the Colony, "to be transported to any place out of this continent." — See "Genealogy of the Eliot Family," pp. 133, 134.

interpreters, and other adherents to their many places of imprisonment. At the Pines, on Charles River, as they were boated away; at Deer Island, and other places, while they were held imprisoned and in chains, — he was ever present, and, although powerless to rescue them, his kind, discreet voice, everywhere and to all administered comfort, encouragement, and consolation. And when, at Philip's death, the rancor of war seemed to subside, the apostle again advanced, not as before, but as well as he could, on foot, in the forest, preaching and trying to re-establish his former missionary stations, advancing sometimes through torrents of rain, storms of hail, or drifts of snow, and, as it is said, sometimes for days with scarcely a dry thread in his garments.

ELIOT AT NASHUA.

At one time previously, in the summer of 1652, he had started from Roxbury to preach to the tribes at Nashua, some sixty miles away, as then reckoned. But while on the journey, about midway a notice reached him of a conflict up there among the Indians, that might endanger his own life. Thereupon, for a day or two, he turned aside, and waited.

The old chief at Nashua, hearing of this, at once organized an armed force of twenty Indian warriors, and bounding through the forest surrounding their old apostle, escorted him safely through, with gallant honors, to the place of his appointment, where he was privileged to preach to their waiting assembly.

ELIOT'S FRIENDS.

His Christians, in the advance of years, those who had already been driven out from their native soil, those that had perished in the fight, or otherwise had been slain, or had died of disease or starvation during the wars, including those whom he in his long life had parted with at the common grave, had been thousands.

Yet he had consolation, that amid all the trials of earth he had constantly borne to the breeze that gospel banner of righteousness, beautifully inscribed "Love to God; Peace on earth, and good-will towards men."

ELIOT AN ADVOCATE FOR SCHOOLS.

At one of the synods held in Boston, Cotton Mather says: "I heard Eliot pray, 'Lord, for schools everywhere among us; that our schools may flourish; that every member of this assembly may go home to procure a good school to be encouraged in the town where he lives; that before we die we may all be happy to see a good school established in every part of the country.'" This was two hundred years ago.

TEACHERS.

Oh that the conductors and teachers of the schools of our time would but take inspiration from the precepts and examples of Eliot and of earlier days; that the light of heaven, as at early morn, might break in upon them, that the youth of these years may be trained to the true science and economy of life, — to a becoming servitude; to a code of genuine good manners, —

without which there can be no substantial success in the world; that pupils, male and female, may be trained to love labor; industrious, ardent, economical labor; without which there can be no sound health nor solid comfort; and thus that the rising generations may be led to fervent, lofty aspirations, to duteous lives, and noblest achievements.

SAGAMORE JOHN.

In time of Philip's War this Indian came before the Council at Boston, bringing with him one hundred and eighty warriors, with their wives and children, all of whom surrendered.

In the following winter, also, under a Boston proclamation, previously made, it is said, John, being a Nipmuck sachem, with many others came in, and all were protected of their lives. And Hubbard, who lived and wrote at that day, says, —

"Yet did that treacherous villain make an escape this winter from Captain Prentice's house, under whose charge he was put, about Cambridge village, and with twenty more fled away into the woods, to shift for himself with the rest of his bloody companions. They were pursued, but had gone too fast and too far to be overtaken."

It was thus, and otherwise, the natives vanished from New England.

EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

Mr. Hubbard being a clergyman, as well as historian, complaining of the pagan propensities of Uncas, the

Mohegan chief, substantially says: "That Parson," Fiske, of Norwich, "in the great drought of that summer, had prayed constantly and fervently for rain, but in vain; that the English were left to pray *without any motion from the Indians;* and that the drought long remained upon them. But that at length, by reason of the dearth, *Uncas* and his tribes were induced to come in and join in their prayers; at which dense clouds at once covered the earth, a rain-storm followed, and that *the river rose more than two feet in height that night.*"

WONALANCET.

This was a son of Passaconaway, the famous sachem of Penacook. The name Wonalancet is defined to signify the "Hero who maketh his bed well." According to Indian customs it must have been given him in his early manhood, by his then chief, for some praiseworthy deed. Indian heroic names are given as follows: —

At the conclusion of a great feast, a battle, or a pow-wow all are assembled, and, kneeling in a vast ring around their chief sagamore, the chief then rising, and advancing, takes the young hero of his choice — who is known to have performed some valiant or noble deed — by the hand, leads him into the ring, and crowns him with an appropriate name.

In this instance it must have been done like this: The chief makes proclamation, announcing to the ring the noble deeds done, and then, turning to the hero, in substance he declares, that for all this thy name shalt be *Wonalancet.*

This noble chief, though peaceful, held a fort on what is still known as Fort Hill, in our ancient

WONALANCET.

Wamesit, and at one time lived on an island in the Merrimac, in the neighborhood of that locality. Soon after Philip's death, Wonalancet wandered away to Canada, but never returned.

WABAN.

Waban's tent was at Nonantum, near Natick. He was Eliot's first Indian convert to Christianity. He being an Indian of strong mind and good common-sense, was made the Police Judge of that locality of Indian inhabitants. The following is a verbatim copy of one of the warrants, which issued from Waban's bench at Natick: —

"You, you big constable, quick you catch Jeremiah Offscow, strong you hold um, safe you bring um beffore me. *Waban*, Justice of the Peace."

INDIAN ORIGIN.

At first, from curious gem beneath the sod,
Well blest in needful care of nature's God,
Whose eye, all-seeing, here began to scan
The strange invention of mysterious man;
By vigorous thrift, as fell the beaming rays
Of Phœbus, fitly felt on vernal days,
Came forth an Indian's* infant, form divine,
First spawn of manhood on the stream of time;
Basking in valleys wide, earth-formed, earth-fed,
For ripened age; by native reason led,

* The natives were called Indians by Columbus through mistake, who at first supposed he had arrived on the eastern shore of India, by which they took their name.

And chief o'er beast and bird, in power became
A fitful terror to the timid game.

Increased, at length, by Nature's self-same laws,
To numerous tribes, prolific, men and squaws,
From artful wigwams, new, spread o'er the land,
First skill evinced in architecture grand.
He wanders wild, belted with arrows keen,
And blest with knowledge, right and wrong between,
A stately priest at peace. Provoked to strife,
He wields a hatchet and a scalping-knife
With dire revenge. E'er true to self and squaw,
He knows no faith, no code, but Nature's law.

His footsteps fondly dwell where now we trace
Primeval heirlooms of the human race;
The chisel smooth and tomahawk, first made
Of stone, ere art had formed the iron blade;
Where from a narrow dock, with native crew,
He launched, in naval pride, the first canoe,
And ploughed the Merrimac. His dripping oar
Ripples the waters, never pressed before,
Bestirs the scaly tribes to nervous fear
For rights, most sacred, thus invaded here;
As if by instinct, they the chieftain knew
To be a tyrant and a glutton too,
Intent on native beast, on bird, or fish,
By slaughter dire to fill a dainty dish;
Whose webs are nets, from bark of trees alone,
And mills that grind are mortars made of stone;
Who clothed his tribes, if clad they e'er appear,
In raiment plundered from the bounding deer;

Who maketh treacherous hooks from guiltless bones,
And drags a deadly net o'er sacred homes.

And thus, o'er land and stream, for ages long,
A race of red men, vagrant plod along,
With language taught from rustic nature's throne,
And habits, each peculiarly their own;
On growth spontaneous fed, content with prey,
What serves the purpose of a single day.
Their God is seen afar, at rise of sun,
Their life in heaven is hunting here begun;
By laws unwritten sachems rule the tribes,
And lead the host, wherever ill betides,
To fatal war. By force of arrows hurled,
They reigned sole monarchs in this western world.

The countless years thus passed of man's career,
Fraught with achievements oft enacted here:
With works of skill, what human thought could do,
With grand exploits, or deeds of direful hue;
With kings and prophets, chief in note or worth,
Through generations vast, transpired on earth,
Make but a blank in Time's historic lore,
Till voyagers from another world came o'er;
Columbus first of all; then many more
Within an hundred years then next before
The Pilgrims land; adventurers indeed,
From Adam sprung, juniors in race and breed,
But versed in letters, statute law, and art,
Seniors in science, just in head and heart.

Now, then, Samoset comes, with heart and hand
To "welcome Englishmen," and grant them land.

His visage dark, with long and raven hair,
No treacherous marks his beardless features bear;
With frame erect, and strangely painted o'er,
Belted around his loins, a sagamore,
Whose bony arm a bow and arrow held;
A heart unsoiled his tawny bosom swelled
To generous deeds. He broken English spake,
And talked anon of men, — of Francis Drake,
That gallant white man, years before who came
And gave New Albion her historic name;
Of Captain Smith, who since surveyed the coast,
And other voyagers, now a scattered host, —
Of former days some history tried to give,
And lay of land where rambling red men live.
Truthful Samoset proves, and seeks to bring
The Pilgrim saints in audience with his king.

Then Massasoit, the king, and chiefs appear,
As well the governor and suite draw near,
By music led; and soldiers at command,
Clad in the homespun of a foreign land,
And greet the king. The king no armor bears,
Save on his breast, a knife-like weapon wears,
White beads about his neck, a gaudy ring,
Tobacco in a bag, hung by a string,
Comprise the insignia of his regal power,
Known and observed of nations as of yore.

Both king and chiefs, with painted features, wear
Feathers, disjoined from birds of plumage rare,
But little else. Kindly in turn they greet
The Pilgrim band; and down in group now seat

Themselves, holding discourse of allied strength
In treaty. And when agreed, at length,
They pass the pipe around, each drinks in turn,
A sacred compact thus they all confirm;
A treaty wise, that full contentment gives
For fifty years; while Massasoit lives.

Advancement.

Thus did the English proud possession share,
By dint of treaty, all this region fair;
Forever thence, to lay the forest low,
To fence fair fields, and drive the crooked plough;
To waste the wigwams which for ages spread
The wild, and build broad mansions in their stead,
School-houses, temples to the God of grace,
And cities proud, peculiar to the race
Of Adam. Diligent, through honest toil
They reap rich harvest from the virgin soil;
From culture, urged with bold, aggressive sway,
Wild beasts, becoming frantic, flee away.

As ravenous bears, and moose and wolves recede,
Neat-cattle and the noble horse succeed,
In aid of husbandry. Full flocks abound,
The herds increase as roll the seasons round,
The desert even, through culture's grateful care,
Soon set with fruit, begins to bloom and bear;
Fair Nature smiles, responsive to the plan
Of faith in God and industry of man.
Then follows war, and anarchy appears,
Which came to blast the crowning thrift of years;

Yet peace at length, sweet harbinger of health,
Of generous thrift foreshadowing weal and wealth,
Brings her glad tidings down, and cheers the land
With prompt good-will, and noble deeds at hand;
To heal the broken heart, and make amends
For waste of wars which from the past descends.

Thence this fair vale, from mountain to the main,
In vernal grandeur buds, to bloom again;
And plenteous harvest, with her golden ears,
Crowning the prudence of progressive years,
Adorns the field, and grace triumphant gives.

Thus smiling spring comes in from winter's blast,
To swell the seed. And now the bloom is past,
Productive seasons flit their hours away;
Each warms the world in bounty, day by day,
That living things in nature may survive,
That man and beast, that come and go, may thrive.
From varied gifts subsistence we devise,
And in due season gather in supplies;
The husbandman hath care for weighty sheaves,
Yet for a time unthreshed the grain he leaves,
While down the meadows mowers all the way
Swing swath on swath of verdant, heavy hay,
Tugged there by Johnny, tossing it in air,
To cure the crop, while yet the field is fair.
The rakers next. The teamster, in his turn,
With rattling cart and wheel, the forkman, stern,
Each vies in strength, in manly ardor shown,
They glean the glen, and bear the harvest home.

But when wild clouds have gathered in the sky,
They quit the fumed field to thresh the rye;
Up to the barn the fathers built of old,
Where fearful swallows weary wings unfold
Above; there, face to face, within the door,
In squads divided on the spacious floor,
The heavy sheaves lay head to head between,
The swinging flails high in the air are seen;
Blow follows blow, and strength to strength they vie,
The bundles bounding rattle out the rye.

As when two charioteers, by Bacchus strong
Inflamed, now homeward lash their steeds along
The bounding bridge — swift whirl the wheels around
By dint of trial, and heavy hoofs rebound;
So from the floor the farmer's noisy flail,
Reverberates aloud along the vale.
Then note when evening gathers o'er the plain,
Now laid at length a heavy heap of grain,
There to be winnowed when bleak Boreas blows;
Then high the chaff in cloudy current flows,
And from the lifted measure, shaken seen,
The grain in conic pile falls pure and clean.
Then stored in bin, or cask, safe held at will,
Awaits the money market or the mill.

Meanwhile the field assumes a spiky form,
The time hath come to gather in the corn;
On hand the laborers, on hand the cart,
The lads are all aglee to take a part,
For now they know, when night approaches near,
'T will bring that joyful husking of the year.

All now one purpose faithfully fulfil,
The rustling ears are hurried from the hill,
With ardent zeal; and flushed with hopeful joys,
Above the standing stalks both men and boys,
High on their shoulders crowded baskets wield;
The heavy harvest carted from the field,
They pile in heaps within the grating door,
Throughout the spacious barn and kitchen floor
At eve. There then the guests all seated down,
From every cottage home in all the town —
Some old, some young, and some quite lately born —
Vie with each other husking out the corn.
Then comes the hour that gathers large supplies
Of apple-dowdies and of pumpkin pies;
Then bends the board with viands, fruit, and wine,
All hail that gleeful hour, the olden time!
Then when the week hath turned her toils away,
How mild and silent is the Sabbath day.

'T is then the *maiden*, churchward as she goes,
Proud in good looks and go-to-meeting clothes,
Across the glen, untouched of dust or dews,
Bears in her hand her nice embroidered shoes:
Her stockings, too, home knit of purest white,
Now near the temple pulls them on aright;
Then in the precinct of that holy place,
Where loud the parson grave dispenses grace,
Shines forth a beauty, flounced, there seated down,
The belle of all the beaus in all the town.

Such neat conceptions and such care in dress,
Deliberate judgments do not count the less.

Go back and see! A glance shall well suffice,
Our kind old mothers were the best of wives;
They paved the footpath of our lengthened lives,
Their precepts prayerful pointed to the skies;
True joys most dear to early days alone,
Ungrudged they brought, forgetful of their own.

Men of my age, we hail that Highland glee,
That cheered the home, the hearts of you and me
Of yore. Ye matrons, too, whose childhood prime
Is merged in memories of that olden time,
Call up that hour; and bear me witness too,
Of what in early life you used to do;
How then on tip-toe cotton yarn you spun;
How buzzed the band, and how the spindle run,
How moved the thread around the handy reel,
How dear old mother whirled the linen wheel;
While at her knee the prattling baby stands,
Provoking grandma with his little hands,
To feel the forked distaff's flaxy curl,
Or ferret out the curious whiz and whirl
Of wheel and spool; so fondly he admires.
The enchanting scenes of childhood's joyful day,
We cherish still, though fled like flowers of May.

Invention.

Anon advance the riper years of art,
In which inventions take decisive part,
Whence generous genius prosecutes the plan,
To overcome the drudgery of man;
Makes lifeless things impelled at his control,
To do the duty of a living soul.

Hence cotton gins and spinning jennies fine,
Outrun the wooden wheels of the olden time ;
Hence power of steam, applied on sea or land,
Expelling labor with a heavy hand,
Work startling wonders through mechanic skill,
To move the car, the steamboat, or the mill.

The Iron Horse comes next to greet the day —
A gift of Stephenson — now on the way,
With charioteer half hid upon his back,
Along where Merrimac hath led the track,
Bears high his head ; held harnessed to a train,
Fraught full of life, his energies aflame,
Loud whistling wild, and fierce impelled amain,
He skirts the hills and snorts along the plain.

When in the shades of night you chance to hear,
The screaming whistle of that charioteer
Afar — then note the belching smoke and fire ;
The train impelled as if by Pluto's ire,
Darts like a dragon, whizzing winding past,
As if from gates of hell let loose at last :
Yet takes a charge to distant realms afar,
And brings a kind return in peace or war,
Shortens for aye the tedious length of space,
Fruitful in freight for every clime and race.

Not less the Telegraph, contrived of Morse,
Makes labor less. Thrown out upon its course,
Full fraught with messages diffuses light,
Nor time, nor space, is measured in its flight ;
From state to state in every region hurled,
Skirting the ocean bed from world to world,

To bear the news ; to tender useful aid
To all the traffic of a foreign trade ;
To catch the culprit in his wayward flight,
And turn him back to rectitude and right.

'T is thus the "letters to the lightnings" given,
Flashed o'er the earth, reflect the light of heaven,
Make common cause for good with all mankind ;
So man progresses in the march of mind.
No less the fields in cultivation fine,
Through deep discovery in progressive time
Advance. The patent plough, the scythe for mowing,
And all things else of art, that seem worth knowing,
Invented now o'ercome the farmers toil ;
They make him monarch of this sacred soil.

Machinery.

By Industry that artful Lowell led,
By faith far-seeing which a Jackson had,
The noisy flood that o'er the breaker swells
Is turned aside to follow huge canals ;
Structures gigantic rise in prospect fair,
Cities that spread in beauty here and there
Adorn the valley ;* manufactory filled
With prompt machinery as art had willed
Her work — in stately ranks now line the shore
Of Merrimac. Now changed the torrent roar ;
Her fountains turned, flow down in tranquil stream,
And rolling round the graded hills between,

* The Merrimac now sustains seven beautiful cities and is renowned as being the hardest working river in the world. It waves its waters ninety miles from Franklin to the sea.

Through deep-laid channels never washed before,
Propel the ponderous wheel with mighty power.

Fierce then the wheels, alive with one consent,
Fly round and round, each on its duty sent;
Ten thousand spindles, in their places spin,
Ten thousand spools, fast wind their fibres in;
Ten thousand shuttles shoot across the web,
Fed by the mules, slow back and forward led;
Fast roll the fabrics from the rolling beam,
Complete in beauty, true in thread and seam,
The sheeting white, the listed broadcloths fine,
Neat satinet, and carpets superfine;
Bright gaudy prints, and blankets plainer made,
For realms remote, for home or foreign trade;
Workshops with throngs the vills environ,
Magic in power, o'er wood, o'er steel and iron;
Alive in thought, and helping one another,
Onward in handy art, advancing further,
Embracing all the works that man can do,
Through labor fruitful, and inventions new.

Come back, Tisquantum! if above ye dwell,
Behold thy Merrimac, once loved so well!
Thy race had traced it from creation's start,
The white man turns it to the works or art;
Survey its progress these three hundred years,
Since up and down, ye wandered here in tears,
Alone, bereaved. Call once again to view
Thy thick-set forest wild, thy birch canoe;
Where now thy kindred sleep, as from the first,
Where pilgrim saints since mingled in the dust;

TISQUANTUM'S RETURN.

Where now the ploughman trudges in his toil,
Thoughtless of what still lies beneath the soil.

Oh! let us know, from what thy name inspires,
What is man's destiny; what Heaven requires
More fully still. From realms eternal fair,
Tell us of hunting-grounds, of glory there;
Where blissful prospect, Heaven shall fulfil
To generations onward, upward still;
While purest fountains, flowing, failing never,
Shall swell the tide of Merrimac forever;
Sure sign here given, of God's enduring care,
For what we see in heaven, in earth, or air.

THE END.

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